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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,741

WASHINGTON, D.C. — SEPTEMBER 29, 1986

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Working Hard For Yamani

I have here a shocking document in which a notorious international criminal reveals his plan to steal billions of dollars from citizens of the Western industrial countries and the poverty-stricken Third World. This plan is already succeeding. To uncover it required no special journalistic derring-do—merely a call to the Harvard press office, which happily expressed me a copy of "Oil Markets: Past, Present, and Future—Personal Reflections of His Excellency Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani," the oil minister of Saudi Arabia.

His Petroleumship delivered these reflections at what was billed as a "symposium," part of Harvard's recent 350th-birthday festivities. In keeping with the dignity of His Excellency, it was a symposium of one, though His Excellency did deign to answer written questions. He began by noting that "Saudi Arabia"—an absolute monarchy—"is a part of the free world and, as such, a firm believer in free enterprise and the forces of supply and demand." He then outlined his proposal, in the name of "stability," for oil producers to restrict supply in order to prop up the price. Or, in his words, to "cooperate in aiming at the establishment of a price structure." His Excellency aspires to a gradual increase toward $24 a barrel.

In this country, the kind of cooperation His Excellency desires goes by the name "conspiracy in restraint of trade." His Excellency's Harvard "reflections" would be Exhibit A in a criminal trial of His Excellency if His Excellency met with his co-conspirators in Cambridge rather than in morality-free zones like Geneva. Yet, dazzled by his billions, Cambridge treats this outlaw like a dignitary and—preposterously—like some kind of expert on oil markets, which is like treating Charles Manson as an expert on home health care. More alarming, the victims of Yamani's conspiracy are doing nothing to stop him as he rescues it from collapse.

After a virtual breakdown of the conspiracy and a drop in oil prices from about $28 last year to about nine dollars this summer, OPEC met last month and agreed to some shared production cuts. Non-members Mexico and the Soviet Union agreed to go along. No one knows whether the discipline will hold, but the early results have been impressive. Prices are back up around $16 a barrel, an 80 percent increase in a month. *Eighty percent!* That's in the same ballpark as the oil "crises" of 1973 and 1979. Yet the reaction has been apathy or even approval. Of course $16 is better than $28. But there's no reason to suppose that, in this industry unlike any other, a conspiracy-set price is better than the free-market price. And the free-market price is apparently nine dollars or even lower.

When you consider the cost of this casually accepted jump from nine dollars to $16 a barrel, the numbers quickly overwhelm other financial issues that dominate the news. Americans consume about six billion barrels of oil a year. An extra seven dollars a barrel is $42 billion taken from American consumers. Imagine the fuss if President Reagan proposed raising taxes by $42 billion. About a third of this $42 billion, or $14 billion, goes abroad—adding an extra month's worth to our already bloated foreign trade deficit. The world's biggest oil producer is the Soviet Union, at 4.3 billion barrels a year. Seven dollars a barrel is like a $30 billion gift to the enemy. That makes Reagan's recent grain subsidy, idiotic enough, look like a party favor.

Consider finally the effect on the world's poor, who were devastated by the oil crunch of the 1970s. Africa uses over 600 million barrels of oil a year. The past month's oil hike will cost the continent something like $4 billion—more than four times what we give it in economic and humanitarian aid. And if His Excellency succeeds in raising the oil price to $24 a barrel, all the above numbers will more than double.

Simple mathematics makes nonsense of the arguments that a new OPEC-induced oil price rise is a good thing. If you hand over an extra $42 billion to the owners of oil wells, much less than $42 billion is going to trickle down to more worthy beneficiaries. Won't higher prices give oil-exporting nations more money to spend in the United States and other consumer countries? Sure, but it hardly makes economic sense to hand someone a dollar in the hope that some fraction of it will come back to you. Won't higher prices help businesses and workers in the American oil patch? Sure, the same way car quotas helped the auto industry—at a far higher cost to consumers and other industries. The same goes for troubled Mexico and its troubled American banks. If we were smart, we'd pay Mexico a premium for its oil on the condition that it *not* join the OPEC production cuts. That would be a good deal all-around.

But won't low prices now just make us dependent again and lead to an even stronger OPEC in the long run? Well, OPEC doesn't seem to think so, or it wouldn't be struggling to raise prices now. I'm willing to trust OPEC's judgment.

Energy Secretary John Herrington has said, "The re-establishment of the dominance of OPEC . . . is unacceptable." But while the vampire was dying last spring, the administration did nothing to drive a stake through its heart. And it does nothing now as the beast struggles back to life. Like the man who thinks he doesn't need to repair the leak in his roof because it isn't raining, the administration stopped filling the Strategic Petroleum Reserve at the beginning of this year, just as the oil glut was causing prices to drop. At the insistence of Congress, purchases resumed in July, shortly before OPEC tightened supply and prices started up again. Rather than buying, this would be the proper time to thwart the squeeze by dumping some of our oil back on the market.

More important, this is the time for some kind of energy tax to hold down demand as OPEC tries to hold down supply. A gasoline tax imposed two months ago might well have prevented the recent price rise and left drivers paying less than they soon will be. In effect, that $42 billion would have been split between consumers and the American Treasury, instead of lining the pockets of oil barons.

Above all, it's time to stop scraping and bowing to Sheikh Yamani and his fellow economic thugs. This isn't a symposium. This is war.

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341214. Haydn: Symphony No. 100 (Military), **No. 104** (London)—Hogwood, cond. (*Digital*—L'Oiseau-Lyre)

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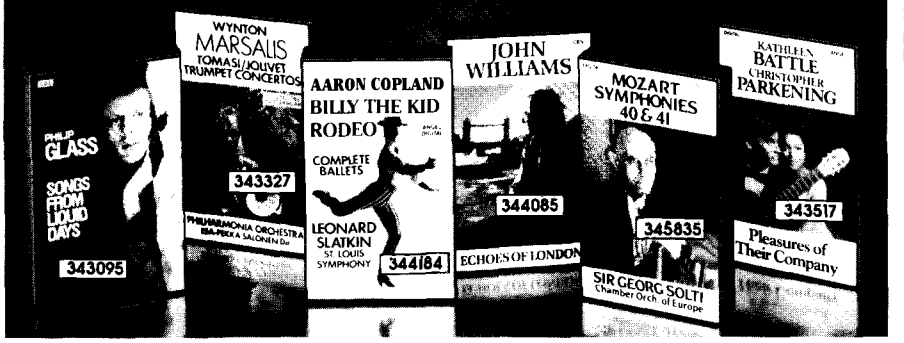

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

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CORRESPONDENCE

RATING COSBY SANCTIONS

To the editors:
Your call for a ban on the export of "The Cosby Show" to South Africa ("The Cosby Sanction," August 25) fails to appreciate the growing social and political impact of the program in that nation.

Viacom International Inc.—distributors of "The Cosby Show"—as well as the show's creators and Mr. Cosby have made a conscious decision to make the program available to South African television viewers, both black and white. We believe "The Cosby Show" is truly a revolutionary program, conveying a message of dignity and social values that totally contradicts apartheid. The successful relay of this message proves that television is a powerful tool for information, entertainment, and education.

Mr. Cosby has received hundreds of letters and postcards from South Africans, black and white, applauding the program as a ray of hope from America. The Rev. Alan Boesak, a leading South African black activist, said of "The Cosby Show" in a recent American television newscast: "It may be making a breakthrough in terms of white people's perceptions of black people and of the black family." On the same news program, black South African newspaper critic Z. B. Molefe noted that Boesak is "proud of 'Cosby' because it shows us that we can stand up to the system . . . To us, it's more serious than laughing. Some have said it makes us laugh in order to keep away from crying. "

These are powerful sentiments indeed. And that is precisely why we have decided to continue our distribution of the program to the South African people. "The Cosby Show" will go on.

RONALD LIGHTSTONE
Senior Vice President
Corporate and Legal Affairs
Viacom International Inc.
New York, New York

To the editors:
Your editorial proposing banning "The Cosby Show" and other American TV from South Africa, however whimsical, is the laziest and most potentially insidious piece of thinking to appear in your pages for years. How a magazine of your tradition could entertain the idea that any regulation of any media or entertainment could or should be used to "broaden the thinking" of a people, or teach them "what freedom means" must be beyond the imagination of any free individual in the world. The premise is blatantly Orwellian, and betrays nothing more than the arch self-righteousness of an intelligentsia for whom freedom has become a luxury.

MICHAEL MOROW
Santa Fe, New Mexico

FLIPPED OUT

To the editors:
When the stock market was at 900 a young broker advised me to sell out my modest holdings because the market was going to 600. (I had got roped into seeking advice about my children's education funds.) The market went to 1200 fairly promptly thereafter. Fortunately I had done nothing. This led me to an hypothesis about brokers or brokerage houses that is the opposite of James K. Glassman's hypothesis about the method used by economists ("Guess Again," August 4): Half of the young brokers should be instructed to predict a substantial rise in the market and half a fall (this could be assigned by lot). The half who are wrong are replaced by new candidates next year and the exercise is repeated. After four years 1/16 of the young brokers have given evidence of genius and are made partners. The remainder have gone into insurance.

It would be helpful if the journalists who cover stock market "geniuses" would realize that, given a group of 1,024 people, one of them could be expected to guess right on a coin flip ten times in a row. But he would have only a 50-50 chance on the next flip.

VIRGIL L. HIGHLAND
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

NEWS WAVES

To the editors:
Like Fred Barnes, I find hardly a dime's worth of difference between the three network news programs ("The News Derby," August 4). It was confusing, then, to learn that Barnes expects the networks to adopt a *more* uniform approach to their nightly broadcasts.

"ABC got the lead right four out of five days, while NBC was correct three times and CBS twice," he says. Does he really believe that uniformity is the necessary result of objectivity in journalism? The networks already spend too much time tripping over each others' cables at photo opportunities. Once in a while I'd like to see a story covered from a perspective outside of the pack.

There should be variety among the networks—substantive variety. Freedom of speech is not well served when the airwaves are dominated by male, bourgeois, middle-aged WASPS who are so obsessed with Nielsen numbers that they dare not differ more than a hair's breadth. A critique that faults one network for not being as bland as the others misses the point.

WILLIAM F. HAMMOND JR.
Albany, New York

To the editors:
In his otherwise interesting and accurate review of A. M. Sperber's *Murrow: His Life and Times* ("King of the Radio," August 4), Henry Fairlie states that Murrow's "See It Now" attack on Joe McCarthy came in 1956. Though some agree that Murrow did, indeed, wait a bit too long before taking on McCarthy, he didn't wait until 1956.

Murrow's broadcast, "A Report on Senator Joseph McCarthy," came on March 9, 1954. During the months previous to this broadcast, Gallup polls showed that McCarthy was perhaps at the height of his popularity. The televised Army-McCarthy hearings didn't begin until April 1954, and the Senate censured McCarthy near the end of that year.

JEFF MERRON
Madison, Wisconsin

GAY LIFE AND AIDS

To the editors:
AIDS remains a problem of a small, and largely geographically concentrated, percentage of gay men. That it has become the gay issue of the '80s expresses the inexhaustible homophobia of the American people and the consequently inexhaustible self-hatred of American homosexuals ("Life After Death" by Seymour Kleinberg, August 11 & 18).

The gay community must take care of its AIDS victims, just as it must take care of its abandoned old people, and we must make every effort to halt the

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 29, 1986

SKYJAM

The midair collision of a private plane and an Aeromexico DC-9 over Los Angeles brought a horrifying end to a summer filled with nerve-wracking developments in air travel. Flight delays in the first seven months of this year were up 29 percent over the same period last year. Frontier Airlines suddenly went bankrupt, stranding passengers and putting hundreds of pilots and flight attendants out of work. World Airways also hit financial turbulence, shutting down its scheduled passenger service. Eastern Airlines, denied permission to merge with Texas International, announced 1,500 new layoffs. There was a flap over alleged drug use by air traffic controllers in L.A. The overall impression is of an aviation system gone haywire. What's happening up there, anyway?

It all started with deregulation. Commercial airline fares and schedules used to be managed by the now-defunct Civil Aeronautics Board. This arrangement was orderly, but it created windfall profits for a few airlines and inflated prices for passengers. The 1978 deregulation bill turned air travel into a competitive business. Fares and schedules are set by supply and demand, not by the government. As intended, the result has been an explosion of new airlines and new services. More Americans than ever before can afford to fly.

The bad news is that increased traffic causes crowding at major airports such as New York's La Guardia and Chicago's O'Hare. This swamps the air traffic control system, which leads to delays. Relentless cost-cutting pressures have also caused some airlines to skimp on safety and maintenance. Hundreds of the latest Eastern layoffs are in maintenance positions. It's becoming more common for companies to buy or lease used aircraft rather than invest in new ones. Last year almost 2,000 people died in air accidents worldwide, making 1985 the worst year on record.

Now critics of deregulation are coming out of the woodwork, arguing that the recent problems prove air travel is too vital a business to leave to the marketplace. Airlines are not just another business but a Public Utility, it is said, and should be regulated accordingly. But these magic words fail to explain why competition still can't be beneficial. Mergers, bankruptcies, and layoffs, alarming though they may seem, reflect the inevitable shakeout of an industry that was suddenly thrown open to all comers less than a decade ago. The result should be a leaner, more efficient industry. If some carriers gain market power over certain "hub" airports for a time, barriers to entry are low enough that newcomers offering cheaper service will probably crop up before the damage to consumers gets too great. Safety and crowding problems can be handled without sacrificing the gains of deregulation or imposing major new costs on airline passengers and taxpayers. These four steps are essential.

Auction off-peak landing and takeoff slots. Donald Engen, the chairman of the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), asserts that the cure for delays is more and bigger airports. Before we spend a lot of money on that, we should make more rational use of the ones we have. Most airports operate on roughly a first come, first served basis. Airlines respond by bunching their arrival and departure times at the most valuable times—morning and evening rush hours. Then air traffic controllers have to work like mad to keep the planes far enough apart. That's where delays come in.

The goal should be to smooth out the peaks and valleys in the daily schedule. The system of assigned landing and takeoff "slots" at La Guardia, John F. Kennedy, O'Hare, and National is a holdover from the 1981 air traffic controllers' strike, when the FAA had to order reductions in air traffic. But as a means of rationing scarce runway space, such quotas are less efficient than simply making airlines pay what it's worth to them to use the airports during peak hours. The Reagan administration's remedy is to let airlines trade the slots they already hold, but this hands an unjustified windfall to existing carriers. Airports should auction off prime slots to the highest bidder, and then let the airlines buy and sell the slots among themselves.

Make "general aviation" pay its own way. The last time you bought an airline ticket, you helped subsidize the single-engine Piper that slammed into the Aeromexico DC-9. In

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1985, the country's 220,000-plane private fleet accounted for 64 percent of all takeoffs and landings handled by airport control towers—the commercial airlines accounted for just 20 percent. (The rest were commuter lines, air taxis, and military planes.) Corporate and executive jets accounted for the bulk of the general aviation operations. Private planes pay for the federal services they use through a special tax of 12 cents per gallon on gasoline and 14 cents per gallon on jet fuel. But according to the Congressional Budget Office, these taxes pay for only one-tenth of what the services cost the government. The Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association lobby in Washington—"the NRA of the Air"—makes sure that its members don't have to pay any more. To make up the shortfall, airline passengers have to pay *more* than their share, through the eight percent federal tax on airline tickets.

Subsidized general aviation planes help keep commercial flights waiting. At busy airports such as Los Angeles International, Boston's Logan, and Atlanta's Hartsfield, qualified private planes are perfectly free to take takeoff and landing spots ahead of airliners if they get there first, even during peak hours. At a few airports (New York's La Guardia and JFK, Washington's National, and Chicago's O'Hare) general aviation craft are restricted to a quota of takeoff and landing "slots." But they can still contribute to delays. National reserves 12 of its 60 slots each hour for private planes. If private pilots take all 12 of their slots, everybody else has to wait, on average, 25 percent longer than if there were no private planes. If there are 15 commercial airliners in line, with 125 people on each plane, that's over 1,875 people forced to wait for the convenience of a handful of private plane passengers. Part of the problem is that landing fees for private planes at major airports are ridiculously low. It costs $5.28 to land a Learjet at National, and it's free at L.A. and Atlanta. The top rate for the biggest private planes is $100. This tempts corporate planes to use major airports rather than less convenient reliever airports.

Private planes are a menace—to the people who fly them, to other aircraft, and, as the Aeromexico tragedy showed, even to people on the ground. In 1984 general aviation's fatal accident rate was 1.73 per 100,000 flying hours, 123 times worse than the rate of the airlines. In the first seven months of this year, there were 130 reported near-misses between airliners and general aviation planes—up 30 percent over last year. Worse, they add to the burden on already harried air traffic controllers. In the recent Los Angeles disaster, the controller in charge of the Aeromexico plane was briefly—and perhaps fatefully—distracted by a private plane entering the airport's controlled air space.

Private planes should have to meet higher standards and carry more radar and collision avoidance equipment. But the best solution is simply to reduce the number of them in the air. They should be banned from all major airports during peak hours. The rest of the time they should be free to fly—as long as they pay the market rate for airport landing slots, and without the subsidy from airline passengers they now enjoy. According to the CBO, eliminating the subsidy alone would cut overall general aviation activity by about 14 percent. Let the Learjet set ride the shuttle like everyone else.

Rehire PATCO. Before August 1981, when the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization walked out and President Reagan fired them, there were 13,348 fully qualified air traffic controllers. Five years later, there are still only 9,107—and the number of flights has increased dramatically. These newly minted controllers are working with antiquated computers and radar. The FAA is investing in technology that will supposedly do a better job with fewer people, but this program is behind schedule and won't be fully in place until the 1990s. The shortage of personnel and up-to-date equipment affects not only safety, but delays as well: with fewer controllers, the FAA is requiring that planes be kept farther apart than they were before the strike.

We'd feel a lot safer if the FAA got the towers up to full strength until the new technology comes along. It takes up to three years for a newly hired air traffic controller to become fully qualified. Letting former PATCO strikers apply for their old jobs would fill the gaps more quickly. The FAA argues that rehiring former strikers would be unfair to those who didn't strike in 1981. But many of those people now say they could use the help. The president has long since made his point about federal workers not breaking their no-strike promises. Let's let bygones be bygones.

Keep beefing up the FAA. Until the Aeromexico disaster, there hadn't been any fatal airline accidents in the United States this year. But every previous year of deregulation had been marked by a number of fatal crashes and close calls. The FAA is starting to get tougher, but it's still catching up for previous cutbacks on air safety under the Reagan administration. After deregulation, the number of airlines providing jet service to major airports tripled. But the Reagan administration cut back on FAA safety inspectors. The FAA had 674 inspectors in 1985, only a few more than it had before deregulation in 1978. Planned increases will bring the number up to 974 in 1987, but that is still not in proportion to the growth in airlines.

ONCE AGAIN, the Reagan administration has been confusing regulation of monopolies with regulation that seeks to protect the public's safety. It's worth reviewing the difference. Economic regulation of the airlines was harmful, and economic deregulation has been mostly for the good. Opening the market to new entrants and ending arbitrary government-sponsored pricing arrangements has bestowed enormous financial benefits on millions of Americans. But it was mindless to accompany this change with a reduced government role in monitoring safety. Increasing competition was bound to make companies look for every possible way to save money. This is precisely the kind of situation in which safety regulation becomes more important. Government's job is to make sure that the market forces that benefit consumers economically don't also put their lives at risk. □

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No Bargain

"Give me a man," boasted Lavrenti Beria, the head of Stalin's political police, "and I will give you a case." Beria's heirs have now arrested and charged with espionage the especially scrupulous senior Moscow correspondent of *U.S. News and World Report*, Nicholas Daniloff. The Soviets are desperate to prevent Gennady F. Zakharov, the Soviet spy arrested in New York last month, from being brought to trial. Not because they are sentimental about their agents, of course, but because they fear that a grand jury investigation and subsequent judicial proceedings against Zakharov would unveil and unravel the Soviet spy apparatus operating under the protective cloak of the United Nations. America has spies in Russia too, of course (though the Soviets don't offer our spies the kind of haven we offer theirs at Turtle Bay). The difference is that no one seems to doubt Zakharov's guilt, whereas no one seems to doubt Daniloff's innocence. The reason is that no one believes the United States would these days arrest a man on transparently trumped-up spy charges, whereas everyone believes the Soviets would do this. So much for moral equivalence.

The Soviets gain one big advantage from this ploy, whether or not it leads to the release of their man Zakharov. The resident Western press corps has now been vividly reminded of just how precarious its personal security is. (See "Under Eastern Eyes" by Anne Garrels, page 12.) It takes daring to be an honest reporter in a dictatorship in any event. The circumstances of Daniloff's arrest will create an added chill. Mortimer Zuckerman, chairman of *U.S. News*, reports that when foreign correspondents pressed Gennady Gerasimov, the foreign ministry spokesman, at a press conference in Moscow about whether receiving materials the authorities later determine to be secret makes a reporter subject to espionage charges, he answered, "Have a good time in our country."

Should we trade Zakharov, the disciplined and compromised Russian agent, for Daniloff, the innocent American hostage? Daniloff himself has shown notable bravery in saying he doesn't want to be party to a tawdry asymmetrical transaction. As much as our hearts go out to him and his equally courageous wife, we agree with him. Even apart from broad geostrategic considerations and the larger moral question of dealing with hostage-takers, it is in the narrow self-interest of American journalists in Moscow that the Soviets not think they can be grabbed and used as bargaining chips whenever it suits Soviet purposes.

Despite this particular provocation and the general situation it illumines, there are many who want to carry on business as usual with the Russians. We don't see how President Reagan can even contemplate a summit with Mikhail Gorbachev while Daniloff remains imprisoned. A summit now would vindicate the soft personal public relations strategy of the new incumbent in the Kremlin, with his sleek dress and press conferences. It would make of Gorbachev's stewardship a truly Teflon chairmanship, demonstrating that no Soviet actions, regardless of how egregious, will cling to him.

And certainly there can be no more of those hands-across-the-ideology cultural exchanges until this matter is satisfactorily settled. John Wallach, foreign editor of Hearst Newspapers, will be leading a delegation of 270 statesmen, journalists, musicians, entertainers, and citizens in a "multifaceted political and cultural exchange" with their Soviet counterparts. From September 15 to 19, participants are scheduled to debate and perform before a crowd of Russians and Americans under the auspices of the Chautauqua Institution. For this group to go ahead with its trip would be a grotesque sign of submission to the most cynical standards of Soviet behavior, which include the most cynical expectations of our own responses. (The editor in chief of this journal had reluctantly agreed to participate in a Moscow dialogue later this fall with Georgi Arbatov's USA and Canada Institute. With no special reluctance, he will now drop out.)

The seizure of Nick Daniloff may well be a miscalculation that the Soviets now regret. If so, there is some hope that he will be released soon. If this could be achieved through a deal permitting Zakharov to await trial in the custody of the Soviet Embassy here, in exchange for Daniloff's unconditional release, we would regard that as a face-saving arrangement for the Soviets rather than an unacceptable trade. But even after Nick Daniloff gets his freedom back, we must remember that what happened to him under the glare of world publicity happens every day to Soviet subjects, unnoticed and unknown.

Nihilism And Terrorism

In Karachi hijackers herd airline passengers close together toward the center of the jumbo jet, so as to make mass murder more simple. Targets need not be picked out. Fewer bullets are wasted that way. In an Istanbul synagogue 30 Jews are worshiping. Terrorists kill 21 and wound four, a ratio that does not occur in war. The wounded are shot in the head. Nor is killing enough. Gasoline is poured on the dying and their bodies are set afire.

There is an understandable editorial weariness in recounting the latest variation on terrorist barbarism and in thinking about its implications, as if people feel there is nothing left to say after Munich and Maalot and Rome and Vienna and now Karachi and Istanbul. Not so.

Karachi and Istanbul mark a certain evolution in the career of Arab terrorism. In cold-blooded indiscriminateness and cruelty, the two latest outrages set a new and purer standard. And more striking than the purity of means is the purity of ends. There are hardly any left. We are witnessing terrorist reductionism. With Istanbul, terrorism enters a new more economical phase: terrorism without demands, only grievances.

The hijackers in Karachi may have wanted something, to fly to Cyprus and perhaps to free fellow murderers in a

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Cypriot prison. But in Istanbul there was no point other than to kill innocents randomly. This is the existential terrorism of which Sartre was fond, but which most serious revolutionaries eschew as impractical. This terrorism without demands is not revolutionary violence. It is nihilism.

The Istanbul synagogue attack, aimed not at a military, commercial, imperialist, or even Israeli target, was something else too. It was a pogrom, murder whose only point is hatred of Jews. For those who refused to be convinced by, say, the Entebbe hijackers' segregating Jews from other passengers, the Istanbul pogrom is a reminder that, for those at war with Israel and the West, the distinction between Zionist and Jew is a mere political convenience. It makes it slightly easier to vilify the world's only Jewish state at the U.N.

The Karachi and Istanbul attacks undermined, perhaps intentionally, another cherished notion: that in the war against terrorism appeasement works. Pakistan and Turkey are both Moslem countries forced to keep their distance from Israel. Turkey, which has low-level diplomatic relations with Israel, wouldn't allow an Israeli Cabinet minister at the funeral of the synagogue massacre victims. Pakistan has no relations with Israel. Indeed, it has toed a very orthodox anti-Israel line. Hence the consternation of President Zia at the choice of his country for the latest terrorist adventure. "On the question of Palestine," he said plaintively, "Pakistan behaves and acts holier than the pope." Well, the pope has himself been fairly holy on the Palestinian issue, having embraced Yasir Arafat, whose PLO invented, popularized, and legitimized (and now claims no responsibility for) airline terrorism. Nonetheless Zia has been even more scrupulous, supporting the Palestinian line at every turn. Why Pakistan? Simple. To be anti-Israel is not enough. It is

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart

1. I SPY, YOU SPY — 6 — 2

Quite apart from the massive p.r. blunder that the Daniloff Affair represents for Gorbachev are the assumptions underlying U.S. reaction. Here, at last, is a spy case playing in full Us-Them regalia to the apparent surprise of the White House, which at first soft-peddled the case. Daniloff's arrest may fit a familiar Soviet pattern, but what's missing is any in-depth treatment of the Zakharov case that inspired it. Everybody's assuming he's the spy that the U.S. attorney says he is. This may be true, but reporting by assumption is a cold war reflex.

2. SHOTS IN THE DARK — — —

The Theater of Terror may have reached a point of diminishing returns. Given that terror thrives on media attention, Istanbul and Karachi mark a new chapter in reactive coverage: nobody's got much left to say. The standard media enfilade began—outraged reaction, anxious families, retaliatory threats, speculation on who was responsible, even reports on instant travel panic—but this time it all faded remarkably fast.

3. LITERACY TEST (re-entry) — — 2

ABC and PBS have combined in a national consciousness-raising effort on illiteracy, while *USA Today* is calling for a national effort to eradicate the problem. The problem's real, but the approach is dispiriting, another sign that U.S. culture is incapable of addressing its problems except through bouts of obsession, followed by total obliviousness.

4. THE MIRROR CRACK'D — 1 — 3

Every urban primary in the country may have resonated with "the drug crisis," but, the White House drug campaign notwithstanding, signs that the panic is fading are increasing. Doubts are being voiced about where the "epidemic" numbers have come from, about the efficacy of the gargantuan response, and about how big the drug problem really is when compared to liquor and tobacco.

5. CAR WARS — — 1

There's a fire sale of sorts in the nation's car showrooms, with GM's 2.9 percent financing topped by AMC's zero percent rates. Some observers are pointing to oversupply as a cause for the move, though upcoming tax revision may well be the reason. Salesmen are groping for words like "stampede" to describe buyer reaction. The buyer's market is going to be around for a while.

6. KAHN IS MY CO-PILOT — 3 — 2

Eastern is about to lay off 1,500 employees, World is getting out of the passenger business, and the industry seems poised to be eaten by a few giant survivors. Even Alfred Kahn, architect of airline deregulation, has expressed concern about the state of affairs.

7. NEVER SAYING YOU'RE TORY — 9 — 2

Harvard's Birthday Party seems to have done more good for other schools than for Harvard itself. It came out a snob for refusing Reagan a degree and inviting Prince Charles to keynote, while Stanford and other campuses got good press in the comparison game. Maybe Harvard learned a lesson: American elites and p.r. simply don't mix; the higher the profile, the more tempting the target.

8. TARGET PRACTICE — — 1

Seymour Hersh's book has revitalized the case of Flight 007, which apparently is in for a Who Shot Kennedy? sort of future. There are now scenarios that conclusively prove any point of view one wishes to take, and those organs that took up the story again hit whatever bull's-eye they aimed for.

9. MITER MAKES RIGHT — 7 — 2

Follow-up U.S. Catholic reaction to the Curran case, and to a related case of gagging the bishop of Seattle, indicates that while most Catholics here agree with Curran, they figure it's the pope's Church and he can do what he wants. This is a remarkably casual state of affairs, and invites speculation over what would happen if a more politically charismatic figure in Curran's place invited U.S. Catholics to identify with their own views, rather than see themselves as "Catholics."

10. WHITE HOT NEWS — — 1

Compared to the limited space given to disasters involving jammed Asian ferries, the sinking of the Soviet liner in the Black Sea gained a lot of attention. Likewise, the Istanbul synagogue massacre earned banner heads compared to the back-page treatment given the Moslem separatist attack on a packed Catholic church in the Philippines the same week. While both "big" stories are part of larger news themes, another specter is raised: stories play in direct proportion to the number of dead Caucasians in them.

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precisely those few Moslem states that are correct on the Palestinians but pro-Western otherwise that must be embarrassed by those engaged in anti-Western holy war.

Terrorism has other friends, some inadvertent, some not, closer to home. In the hours between Karachi and Istanbul, Bill Moyers took to the air on CBS to deplore what some like to call the cycle of violence: "They respond to our response to their response. An eye for an eye for an eye for an eye, until finally hatred is blind." Moyers asked: "Who are these young men? What's happening out there to rouse their fury?" Why is it, he wants to know, that for some, "America is Satan. . . . How is it we've been transformed into the enemy? Not in Washington, nor in the media, nor among the public at large, are there serious efforts to find out why."

This kind of reaction, not untypical, is either disingenuous or perverse. If it means to say that the Palestinian grievance has not been examined deeply enough, it is disingenuous. The Palestinians have received more attention in the Western press and consciousness than practically any other national or ethnic group claiming victimization. Their complaints almost completely monopolize the attention of the parliament of man on the East River. At the U.N., a library of anti-Israel, pro-Palestinian and anti-Semitic material is produced every year.

Which leaves the perverse: that Moyers's real point is not that we pay insufficient attention to the wishes of these murderers, but that we are insufficiently cooperative in helping them realize them. Now the machine-gun sprayers we are talking about have a constellation of desires ranging from merely destroying Israel to exterminating the Jews who live there. Abu Nidal, the master of massacre who has already been linked to the Karachi attack, has made exactly that distinction and emphasized that it would be a crime to do the former without the latter. Now you know why, Moyers. What now?

Terrorism has another kind of friend, more intellectual and less inadvertent. If the liberal claims that the terrorist is not understood, the radical claims that he does not exist. The word terrorist cannot be defined, writes Christopher Hitchens in *Harper's*, hence it is nothing but a rhetorical club. Either we are all terrorists or none of us is one. There is no definition of terrorism, he claims, that is neither tautological nor vacuous nor "a cliché ('an attack on innocent men, women, and children') of the kind that all warring states and parties have always used to attack all other warring states and parties."

If Hitchens means that all states and parties have always attacked innocents, therefore terrorism does not exist (or we are all terrorists), he is a moral idiot. Not all parties and states have attacked innocents. And very few do so deliberately. Even fewer make such attack their principal strategy.

Terrorism is easily definable. It is the deliberate attack on innocent civilians for political purposes. (The latter phrase distinguishes a terrorist from a Son of Sam murderer.) To say that some governments have committed terror and escaped the term is neither a new idea nor a very clever one. Nor does it discredit the term terrorist. Michael Walzer pointed out ten years ago that although terrorism is a word of opprobrium those in power tend to escape, it is still morally useful. Hitchens scorns the word terrorist but himself offers a definition of "war criminal": "one who directs weapons of conventional warfare principally at civilian objectives." Well then, a terrorist is one who directs weapons of conventional warfare solely at civilian objectives. OK?

Those who produce this second-rate species of "moral equivalence" arguments (i.e., we are either all or none of us terrorists) do so for a purpose—to legitimize, in Western discourse, the political violence directed at innocents in the name of anti-Western causes. Because what is hard to talk about becomes hard to condemn and to fight.

Terrorism needs to be fought in two ways. One is to hunt down the murderers who carry it out. The second is to hunt down obfuscations and apologies on behalf of terrorists, offered out of naïveté or malice by their friends in the West.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE NIEMAN FOUNDATION at Harvard gave its Louis Lyons Award for Conscience and Integrity in Journalism last year to Allister Sparks, the relentlessly brave South African journalist who edited the opposition *Rand Daily Mail*. This year, the prize will go to Violeta Chamorro, publisher of the Nicaraguan daily *La Prensa*, now banned by the Sandinista regime after years of harassment. This tribute is fully deserved. In *Newsweek* and also in these pages there have been some animadversions about *La Prensa* not being the *New York Times*. It is true that there was a certain crudeness to the paper, which did not distinguish it from most of the Latin American press or, say, some of the London tabloids. However, the greatness of Third World newspapers should be judged not against the canons of the journalism schools, but against the political context in which they exist. *La Prensa* fixed its attentions first on the depredations of the Somoza dictatorship. Mrs. Chamorro's husband was murdered because of these attentions. And when the Sandinistas replaced the Somocistas, and the revolutionary design for total social control betrayed the Nicaraguan people's aspirations for freedom and democracy, *La Prensa* fixed its attentions on the depredations—greater and more systematic depredations by far than Somoza's—of the *comandantes*. The *comandantes* did not murder Mrs. Chamorro. They murdered her newspaper instead—a more decisive and socially conclusive act. In tyrannies great newspapers are those that threaten the tyrants. *La Prensa* was tested and proven twice.

□ WE ARE FAMILY: On the subject of virtue in government, there is no man more eloquent than the governor of New York. So why is Mario Cuomo acting like a political hack? His officially "neutral" posture in the Democratic Senate primary was a clear snub of a fellow liberal, Mark Green, and an apparent bid to curry favor with the more conservative candidate, John Dyson—who has only money to

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offer the party. Next, Cuomo and his son Andrew, his father's top political adviser, made ruthless use of a technicality to push candidate Abraham Hirschfeld off the ballot for lieutenant governor, so that Stan Lundine could run unopposed. And finally, Andrew is a partner in the law firm of Blutrich, Falcone, and Miller, which was founded in 1982 at the governor's urging. Andrew Cuomo and his well-connected young partners have had unusual success in landing primo clients, including real estate developers such as Donald Trump, William Zeckendorf, and the Tishman/Speyer firm—all of whom have business with the state of New York. Do clients think they're buying something other than mere legal counsel? Zeckendorf retained the firm because "we thought they could help us politically." Even poor Abe Hirschfeld, another former client, said he thought hiring Andrew's firm would help him win points with the governor. The governor, for his part, sees no impropriety. The very suggestion that his son and his friends are getting rich through their connections to him prompted an outburst of the now-famous Cuomo indignation. Meanwhile, Cuomo proposed a new campaign to teach ethical values in the New York public schools. Maybe he could take the classes at night.

□ SHOOFLY:

French Scientists Report Discovery of AIDS Virus in African Insects

—*New York Times*, August 27

Scientist Finds No Evidence of Insect Transfer of AIDS Virus

—*Los Angeles Times*, August 27
(thanks to Stanley Sheinbaum, Los Angeles)

My days as a reporter in Moscow.

UNDER EASTERN EYES

NICK DANILOFF DID what every good reporter should do. He met with Soviets from all walks of life, as far as possible from the eyes and ears of the state. Anyone reporting from Moscow quickly learns that if you restrict yourself to the choreographed press conferences sanctioned by the authorities, you might just as well sit in Washington reading the Tass wire. The authorities keep a close watch on all Western reporters but reserve their venom for those like Nick, who speak Russian, who break out of the small circle of Russians permitted to meet with Westerners, who step beyond the charmed circles of Moscow. Doing what he did—meeting surreptitiously with a trusted Soviet contact and accepting information from him—clearly has risks. We did not believe they were so grave.

I worked in the Soviet Union as ABC's correspondent from 1979 until 1982. Like all American reporters, I knew of the KGB's methods, but like most, I thought the worst that could happen was expulsion. Eventually I was indeed expelled. The Soviets made us act like spies—whispering in our apartments, dodging through traffic to lose a tail—but we knew we weren't spies, and thought that made a difference. The Soviets regularly accuse journalists of working for the CIA, in lurid reports that appear from time to time on television or in the press. But no one, until now, had actually been arrested, let alone formally charged. The news about Nick was a shock even to those of us most familiar with the authorities' tactics.

ONCE IN MOSCOW, the frontier to the "real" Russia must still be crossed. All foreigners are assigned apartments in stark stucco high rises dotted around Moscow. These compounds are called "ghettos" by Russian friends. The accommodations, explain the authorities, are better than those provided the average Soviet. So is the surveillance. At the entrances stand gray-uniformed militiamen whose job is to protect reporters from contamination by ordinary Russians with extraordinary nerve who might venture inside. And should a foreigner venture outside, his car license plates are coded by color and number so that police can instantly recognize an American (04) correspondent (K). Apartment walls and telephones are bugged; and the staff—maids, chauffeurs, secretaries, and translators—are all carefully selected by the Soviet government. They are required to report regularly on their charges. When I lived in one of these apartments, I noticed that personal belongings on one side of my table in the morning would have mysteriously migrated to the other side by the time I returned in the evening. My letters were routinely riffled through. We kept our address books in our pockets at all times, and never mentioned Soviet friends by name.

But rudimentary precautions often aren't enough. A Russian acquaintance once called asking to see me urgently, "outside." Five minutes later, as I went to the meeting place, I noticed an unusually large number of large men standing aimlessly in the bitter cold. They had nothing in their hands—another warning sign. No ordinary Soviet would go out without a bag or briefcase with which to carry home a surprise supply of bananas or a pair of Czech shoes. I asked the son of a fellow correspondent, who happened to be passing, to fetch his father. Something was wrong. But it was too late. As my Soviet friend waved from the end of the block, he was tackled and pushed into a waiting car. After several hours of questioning he was released, too frightened to meet me ever again.

When a correspondent first arrives in Moscow, the phone rings constantly. This is curious, since reporters' phone numbers are unlisted (not by our choice). Some callers are what they say: "friends of your predecessor." Others are apparently sent to test us. How to make the distinction? Donald Kimmelman of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*

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received a typical call from an unknown Soviet, and asked another American correspondent to join him for the meeting. When they arrived, Kimmelman's colleague burst out laughing. The "Ukrainian nationalist" had contacted him the week before, passing himself off as a Jewish dissident.

Working in pairs is one way to help avoid setups. Checking out one's sources with others is another. But that is not always possible. What about people one comes across during a two-day trip to, say, Tallinn or Irkutsk? You have to trust your judgment, which is not infallible. I dismissed as suspicious someone who eventually turned out to be very helpful to another correspondent. I doubtless befriended less savory characters. I received newspaper clippings from contacts on a range of unclassified subjects: the destruction of ancient churches, Georgian nationalism, agriculture, and the national pastime, mushroom picking. Soviets gave me film and photographs of moments I could never capture: Sakharov in exile in the closed city of Gorky, the KGB sweeping through an illegal religious meeting in the Ukrainian mountains, humorous snaps of bureaucratic snafus. It now seems highly possible that I was being captured on film as I accepted these offerings.

If information is hard to come by in the capital, news from the rest of the country is particularly precious. It is "not possible," according to the authorities, to order certain regional newspapers that contain much useful local information that is not found in *Pravda*. Travel is allowed to "open" areas, about one-half of the country, but only at the whim of the authorities. Lithuania was "fully booked" a year in advance while I was working in the Soviet Union.

ALTHOUGH MOST believe that Nick was arrested on trumped-up charges, others have wondered whether he might, after all, have been a spy. As the Soviets lay on the details, I've heard more than one person ask: "But they couldn't just make it all up, could they?" Yes. This is one of the Soviets' dirtiest tricks: padding out false accusations with real facts gleaned by bugging, stealing papers, making background checks, and conducting interrogations. These can range from charges of homosexuality to espionage. It was Nick Daniloff who stood up at a press conference in April to protest a slanderous article in the Soviet press about a fellow journalist, Donald Kimmelman. According to the article, Kimmelman was a drunken, abusive anti-Semite who defamed the Soviet Union. For good measure they published his phone number so that, for once, "outraged citizens" could call the correspondent—and they did. Such accusations are an effective way to cut off a reporter's contacts and render one useless to one's news organization. Russians know they are at risk when they meet foreigners. After that foreigner has been publicly singled out for attack, even if the attack is baseless, the risks escalate.

When Alfred Friendly set off for Moscow as *Newsweek*'s correspondent in 1974, he was given the following advice by a Soviet émigré: "You are a free man, and while you are in the Soviet Union, never forget it." Our duty was to try to protect Soviet friends, who faced worse—loss of perks, loss of jobs, or loss of liberty. Intimidation starts with simple warnings. I came down one frigid winter morning to find my car door open, swinging in the winds, although I knew I locked it the night before; others had their tires slashed. Some are followed, as Serge Schmemann of the *New York Times* was, openly and constantly by men who know how to do this discreetly if they so choose. Sometimes the Soviets don't have to rely on paid employees of the security organizations to prevent reporters from working. Either out of a sense of duty, or the fear of what will happen if that duty is not performed, Soviets on the street often stopped my television crew from filming. Soviets understand that reality is a state secret.

In 1980 Robin Knight of *U.S. News and World Report* was drugged while on a trip to Central Asia. In 1982 I was mugged while visiting Kiev. I was visibly followed for the two days I was there. Finally my handbag was grabbed as I got off a bus. In the scuffle, which went on for several minutes, neither my "nannies" nor the policeman nearby came to my assistance. Burly men were on hand to block my friends from intervening, and a getaway car was waiting to collect four of the men involved. One Soviet came up and warned me not to complain to the authorities, because, he said, it was the authorities who had done it. When I did complain about the bizarre circumstances of the attack, the authorities branded me a liar in the Soviet press.

If a journalist is denied travel permission, or if there is a blatant case of intimidation, the State Department is ready to retaliate. But journalists are loath to report such incidents, partly, perhaps, because they don't want to fuel charges they are government employees, and partly because they don't want to make a tough situation worse. They can be blackmailed into submission because trips outside Moscow, meetings with officials, permission to film, the possibility of an interview with Gorbachev are all dangled in front of us like obedience rewards.

EVERY JOURNALIST in Moscow is cautious, but apparently one cannot be cautious enough. The crime against Daniloff was prepared a long time ago. As early as 1984 the KGB was looking for accomplices. Three days before David Goldfarb, a Jewish geneticist, was due to receive an exit visa, the KGB dropped by for a chat. They showed him photographs of Daniloff leaving his apartment and asked him to invite Daniloff back when they would be waiting. Goldfarb refused, though he undoubtedly realized he would pay for this. He did. His permission to emigrate was immediately revoked. The KGB eventually found someone else to do their bidding. We don't know what threats, if any, they made.

We've now learned what we didn't want to believe. There is no way to escape if the Soviets decide it is in their interest to take a hostage. Some have said Nick was foolish to have received a package. We all broke that unwritten rule. And if the KGB hadn't set him up in the park, they would have done it somehow, somewhere else. Anyone who has worked in Moscow could be in that 8-by-10 foot

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cell where Nick is being held. Does that mean we stop behaving like free men and women in the midst of state-controlled terror? I hope not.

ANNE GARRELS

Anne Garrels is the State Department correspondent for NBC News.

Pat Robertson hears the call.

RARIN' TO GO

Baker, Louisiana

Early this month, Jimmy Swaggart, the histrionic television preacher from Baton Rouge, was quoted in newspaper interviews as opposing a presidential race by Pat Robertson. Better for an evangelist like Robertson to stick to his ministry and keep out of politics, Swaggart said. A few days later, on September 8, Robertson appeared in Baton Rouge to address a rally sponsored by the Freedom Council, the political arm of Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network. He dropped by to see Swaggart, and after a 90-minute chat Swaggart had a new position: run, Pat, run.

To punctuate the point, Swaggart appeared, unannounced, at the evening rally at Bethany World Prayer Center, a cavernous church in the Baton Rouge suburb of Baker. Swaggart refused to sing (he often sings on his TV show), but he did talk. "I believe the tide is running today in a way that mankind has never known before," he said. "It will affect the entire planet. And in a few months a hand is going to be laid on a Bible and take an oath of office for the highest position in mankind. And for the first time in human history the possibility definitely exists that the hand that lays on that Bible to take the oath of the highest office of the land will be joined to a shoulder and a hand and a heart that's saved by the blood of Jesus and baptized in the Holy Spirit."

That was preacher talk for: I endorse Pat for president. Robertson, sitting on the stage behind Swaggart, beamed. The crowd of about 2,000 roared its approval. "The world probably says this effort is hopeless," Swaggart went on. "But if God be in it, it doesn't matter what the world says."

Don't underestimate Pat Robertson. Any political figure who can prod Swaggart into switching positions, swiftly and in public, is not to be taken lightly. Besides, Robertson has great political skills. He is extraordinarily genial, a trait that comes across on television (on his daily "700 Club," a religious talk show). President Reagan seems dour by comparison. And more than any other candidate for the 1988 Republican presidential nomination, Robertson has mastered the Reagan stump technique of using vivid vignettes to play up sweeping conservative political points. In Baker he told of the birth of his first grandson, a redheaded boy. "As I looked at that little fellow," Robertson said, "I realized that, right now, he shares a piece of a $2.3 trillion [national] debt." A 20-year-old woman came on his TV show, he said, and told of having five abortions. After the fifth, she asked to see what doctors had scraped from her body. "That's a tiny rib cage," Robertson quoted her as exclaiming. "I've killed a baby." His "dream," he said, is for a time "when unborn babies are safe forever in their mothers' womb."

Listen to a Robertson speech or talk to him and it's clear he is dead set on running. Forget the speech he'll give on September 17, piped to hundreds of cities by closed circuit TV and billed, in letters sent out by Robertson, as "a time when I can tell you personally my decision." The decision's been made. The recent creation of two draft-Pat committees, each run by a former Robertson aide, was disingenuous. So is the existence of Americans for Robertson as an "exploratory" committee. In truth, it's not exploring the possibility of a presidential bid, but planning for one. There's a good reason, however, why Robertson hasn't made a flat declaration of candidacy. He wants to continue on his own TV show, watched by millions daily. With a formal announcement, "I'd either have to give it up or invite George Bush to be the host," he said at a press conference. He grinned as he said it.

OK, so he's running, but can he win the nomination? The answer is almost certainly not. He is, after all, a religious broadcaster and ordained Baptist preacher, not a Republican leader. Even some of his closest advisers figure the best he can do is reach the GOP convention with 20 percent to 25 percent of the delegates, not enough for the nomination. Robertson himself is more optimistic. He envisions a three-way race involving Bush, Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada, and himself. By doing well in the Southern primaries, Robertson suggests, he will give himself a real shot at winning. Edward J. Rollins, who ran Reagan's campaign in 1984 and has given political advice to Robertson and his aides, doubts this. "But there's no question he can stay in the race and make a fair showing," says Rollins. This means that Robertson can affect the Republican platform, pushing it toward ever more conservative stands on social issues, and the choice of a vice presidential running mate for the nominee.

THOUGH ROBERTSON finds the analogy repugnant, his spot in the Republican contest is similar to Jesse Jackson's in the Democratic presidential race in 1984. His chances of winning are remote, but his prospects for staying in the race to the end are bright. Why? Because, like Jackson, Robertson has a solid, if small, base of support that will stick with him, whether or not he makes a strong showing in early primary and caucus states. The "700 Club" has built a national following among fundamentalist Christians, and Robertson has access to them through a computerized mailing list. But what's most significant about Robertson's supporters is that they see themselves, like the blacks who backed Jackson, as a persecuted minor-

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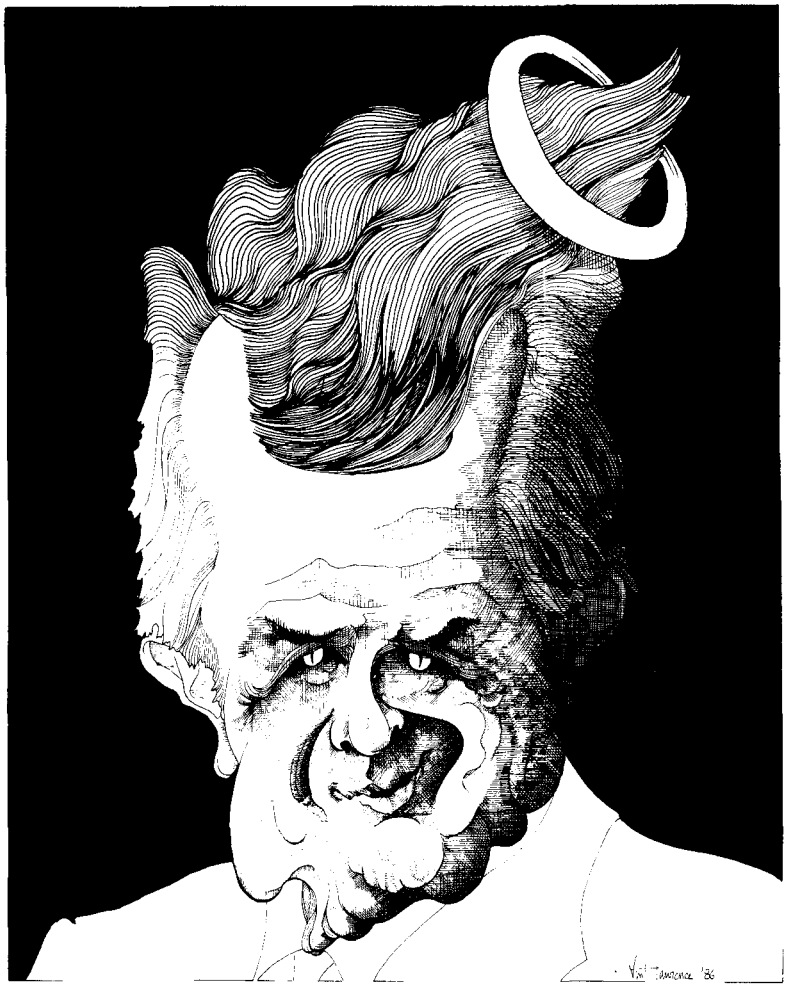
ity. They feel that every trend in America has gone against them, from the outlawing of school prayer in 1962 to the public emergence of a large homosexual community. This has created "a fire in the belly of the Christian right," says Howard Phillips, the chairman of the Conservative Caucus. Phillips has encouraged Robertson to run, even though Phillips himself is Jewish and says Patrick J. Buchanan is his ideal presidential candidate.

Robertson's political strength is also his weakness. If he weren't a fundamentalist TV preacher, he wouldn't have a flock of enthusiastic Christian followers. But because he is that, he'll have great difficulty attracting supporters outside this narrow base. Practically every public poll is unfavorable. A national survey in July by NBC News and the *Wall Street Journal* found that only nine percent want him to run, while 32 percent don't (54 percent hadn't heard of him). In Michigan, where Robertson's Freedom Council fielded candidates in precinct primaries in August, another NBC-*Journal* poll of primary voters found 20 percent with a favorable opinion of Robertson, 40 percent with an unfavorable. Robertson claimed he came in first in the Michigan voting, but a *Detroit Free Press* survey concluded that Bush beat him by 45 percent to 21 percent.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Robertson blames the poll results on a bad press and on his image as merely a preacher. "What we're seeing are soft negatives," Robertson told reporters in New Orleans on September 9. "Once a person hears me on the issues and learns who I am, the fact that I'm a lawyer, I'm a businessman, I'm a professional broadcaster, etc., and not a parish priest, a lot of those negatives change."

Robertson didn't mention another source of negatives, namely his tendency to anger or alarm people with statements indicating that he is God's candidate. After his initial success in signing up precinct candidates in Michigan last summer, he sent out a letter saying, "THE CHRISTIANS HAVE WON! . . . What a breakthrough for the Kingdom." When he subsequently explained that he didn't mean that non-Christians had lost, he got into further trouble. Christians, he said, feel "more strongly" about "patriotism, love of God, love of country, support for the traditional family." This evoked fresh complaints.

The noisiest attacks have come from People for the American Way, the liberal group headed by TV producer Norman Lear that combats the Christian right. PAW issued a 26-page screed entitled "Pat Robertson—Extremist with a Baby Face" and has put together a 20-minute tape of "700 Club" highlights, including a shot of Robertson praying to keep Hurricane Gloria from striking his headquarters in Virginia Beach, Virginia, in 1985 (it didn't). Robertson responded on the "700 Club" September 4 by calling Lear "an atheist" who favors "radical feminism . . . abortion on demand . . . casual sex . . . easy divorces . . . recreational drugs." PAW's criticism of Robertson may cause a backlash, says Eddie Mahe, a Republican consultant who confers with Robertson's tacticians. "Unless they [PAW] are careful, some folks might see them as belittling the Christian faith." That might help Robertson pick up additional support among devout Christians.

The crucial time for Robertson will come during the early primaries, when most voters will get a look at him for the first time and watch him in TV debates. "The whole thing comes down to one question," says Rollins. "Are you threatening?" In 1984 Jackson was answering that favorably, until he referred to Jews as "Hymie" and got too close to Louis Farrakhan. With his smooth TV style and geniality, Robertson stands at least as good a chance as Jackson of answering it favorably. Stranger things have happened. At a press conference before his rally in Baker, Robertson said he'd get a lot more support among blacks than Reagan's ten percent in 1984. Reporters looked dubious. But when the crowd gathered, it was roughly 30 percent black. And when it came time to stand if you wanted Robertson to run, most of the blacks got to their feet and cheered.

FRED BARNES

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Fundamentalists and Republicans in the post-Reagan era.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BY JOHN B. JUDIS

IN 1980 AND 1984, conservative evangelicals were loyal lieutenants and foot soldiers in the Republican army, but as the Reagan era draws to a close, they have become a large and unruly force that wants not merely to obey, but to command. They feel that to get their program enacted, they have to run their own candidates—not only for Congress, Senate, and president, but also for county and state Republican committees. Pat Robertson's presidential candidacy—which would have been unthinkable six years ago—is merely the most visible sign of the evangelical right's new strategy. In almost every Southern, Midwestern, and Western state, they are running candidates and seeking party leadership positions. And in just about every case, they are having an impact.

In North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, California, Oregon, and Alaska, evangelicals have mounted credible campaigns for major offices. In the Oregon Senate primary, for instance, fundamentalist minister Joe Lutz won 43 percent against incumbent Senate Finance Committee Chairman Robert Packwood, even though Packwood outspent Lutz by almost 50-to-1. In Indiana, two right-wing evangelicals, State Senator James Butcher and the Rev. Don Lynch, astonished local officials by winning Republican congressional primaries over candidates anointed by local party leaders.

In Iowa, Nebraska, Michigan, Minnesota, Texas, and Washington, evangelicals have used their clout to win state and county party leadership positions. They have succeeded in rewriting party platforms to endorse not just school prayer and a ban on pornography and abortion (under all circumstances), but also even more controversial stands favoring creationism and the quarantine of AIDS victims and decrying the "separation" between church and state.

Local Republicans, who initially welcomed evangelical voters into the fold, have become alarmed by the evangelicals' bid for political power. After Lynch won the party nomination in a district that stretches from Muncie to eastern Indianapolis, John Sweezy, a county chairman, said, "If the Christian right becomes a major portion of the [Republican] voting bloc, then it has the potential to destroy it. We would lose our centrist base." Kay Danks, the secretary of the Texas Republican Party, was defeated last June in her bid to be vice chairman because she refused to sign a nine-point covenant being passed out by a statewide fundamentalist group called the Grassroots Coalition. "I happen to be Christian, and I am right, but I wouldn't sign their covenant," Danks said. "They have unwavering ideas. They won't accept you if you have one little doubt about anything."

The evangelical upsurge may also have begun to frighten Republican voters. Last month exit polls taken during Michigan's Republican primary revealed a high—45 percent—unfavorable rating for Robertson among Republican voters. And in a bitterly contested congressional primary in southwest Michigan, Fred Upton, a former aide to David Stockman and the choice of local businessmen and party regulars, upset born-again incumbent Mark Siljander. Siljander had been favored to defeat Upton in a district in which evangelical voters predominate. He made a now-famous last minute appeal to ministers identifying the need to defeat Upton with the "need to break the back of Satan." After the election, a chastened Siljander told the *Washington Times*, "If evangelical candidates go out thumping Bibles on street corners, then they are going to lose, no question."

Evangelicals have been strong in party caucuses that attract activists rather than regular voters and in low-profile elections like those in Indiana. But when regular voters turn out for a highly publicized election and when a candidate is not merely supported by, but identified with, the evangelical movement, the majority is likely to reject the evangelicals' candidate.

The evangelicals, who often call themselves "Bible conservatives," support the same policies as conservative Republicans do—from tax cuts to *contra* aid—but their emphasis and style are very different. They see politics as a means of spiritual and moral recovery, and stress social, moral, and religious issues such as abortion and homosexuality. In Don Lynch's primary campaign, his major issue was keeping children with AIDS out of Indiana schools and making it a crime for homosexuals to donate blood. The Bible conservatives favor the militant rollback of communism, but in an even more militant and uncompromising manner than other conservatives. Transfixed by a biblical vision of Armageddon—the final battle between good and evil—they believe that the United States must seek military superiority in preparation for an eventual war.

Many of the grassroots evangelicals come out of a tradition of 19th-century small-town Midwest Republicanism and Southern Democracy that has survived unexamined and unmodified into the late 20th century. It is populist and egalitarian at the same time as it is opposed to any govern-

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John B. Judis, a senior editor of *In These Times*, is completing a biography of William F. Buckley Jr.

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ment intrusion into the economy. Bible conservatives put a different spin on economic issues than Republican conservatives. Evangelicals like Don Lynch want to dismantle the welfare state and replace it with church charity. But Lynch can become indignant discussing a corporation that moved away from Indianapolis leaving five of his parishioners jobless. He thinks that a worker in a factory should share authority over his work with management. Raising one hand above another, Lynch told me during a visit I made to Indianapolis, "I don't think the management should be here and the workers here. A man has to have responsibility and authority. He can't just be treated like a wage-slave."

Above all, the Bible conservatives don't sound or look like Republican conservatives. There have been quite a few wealthy Bible conservatives such as W. Clement Stone and Joe Coors, but the grassroots of the movement tends to be poorer, more blue collar, and less cosmopolitan than the average Republican. The evangelicals' entry into party circles had made for some socially uncomfortable situations. Political consultant Gary Jarmin, who works closely with Christian Voice, remarked, "You get a three-martini Episcopalian in a room with a teetotaling Baptist and you got a problem. One is telling dirty jokes and the other is there in prayer. It is like mixing oil and water."

THE EVANGELICAL movement is neither tightly controlled from above nor politically unified. The initial upsurge among evangelical Christians was inspired by a group of national leaders and organizations with their headquarters in Washington and Virginia. Four of these organizations—the Rev. Jerry Falwell's Liberty Federation (né Moral Majority); Robertson's Freedom Council; Christian Voice; and the American Coalition for Traditional Values (ACTV)—continue to play a significant role in local and national races.

Much of the ferment, however, appears to be spontaneous. Neither Texas's Grassroots Coalition, which led the platform battle at the state convention, nor Indiana's Lynch is affiliated with any national organization. Lynch was moved to run by anti-abortion activity that he engaged in with his own parishioners. While he got some financial support later from the Liberty Federation, his $4,000 campaign relied principally on a network of 500 volunteers who licked envelopes and made phone calls on his behalf. Most often the national organizations become important after a spontaneous local movement has already made a candidate or issue visible.

Within the movement's national leadership there are surprising disagreements about strategy and tactics. The sharpest difference is between Falwell and the rest of the movement. Having risen to political prominence before Robertson, Falwell bore the brunt of liberal attacks for four years. In 1984 and again in Virginia's state elections in 1985, he saw himself and his organization, the Moral Majority, used as a successful rallying point for the opposition to Republican candidates. In response, Falwell has begun to adopt what might be called a middle-of-the-road or reformist strategy that has set him at odds with the rest of the movement.

In January Falwell changed the name of the Moral Majority to the Liberty Federation, and he publicly endorsed Vice President George Bush. Even his own lieutenants acknowledge that Falwell was moved in part by expediency. "Philosophically, we would be closer to Pat Robertson and Jack Kemp than to George Bush," the Rev. Kenn Gividen, head of the Liberty Federation in Indiana, said. "But George Bush is going to win, and you might as well lend your support to the guy who could do the most damage to the opposition." Falwell is also defying most of the right by backing California's pro-choice Republican Senate candidate Ed Zschau. Falwell and the Liberty Federation calculate that Zschau's opponent, Alan Cranston, is worse and that the most important political objective in 1986 is to retain control of the Senate for the Republicans.

But the rest of the Christian right finds Falwell's support for Zschau incomprehensible. The Rev. Curtis Maynard, the chairman of ACTV, says, "That's a race where most of our people have decided that it is not worth a lot of energy or involvement because Zschau's record isn't much different from Cranston's. I can't understand why the Falwell people are doing that." Another leading Christian activist said, "We achieve no good if we continue to support people who are not with us. Why should we cast our jewels before swine, when we are going to get taken for granted?"

Robertson's run for the presidency is as controversial among evangelical leaders as Falwell's support for Zschau. Indeed, the right-wing leaders who are appalled by Falwell's reformist strategy also oppose Robertson's candidacy. Curtis Maynard calls it a "mistake" and warns that "it could set back our movement 20 years." Gary Jarmin, who supports Kemp, says, "Let's face it, while the majority of American people may be in sympathy with us on our issues, they may be far from ready to put a preacher in the White House."

Many evangelical leaders fear that Robertson will not only diminish their influence in the presidential nominating process but will also expose Christian fundamentalism to hostile and destructive scrutiny. In contrast to Falwell and other major right-wing evangelicals, Robertson is a charismatic and a Pentecostal Christian who prays by speaking in tongues, who believes in faith healing, and who seems to regard God not simply as the ruler of the universe but as a kind of supreme guidance counselor. (Robertson writes in his autobiography, "Yet as I was praying before God the next week, he said to me, 'Pat, I want you to have an RCA transmitter.' ") Evangelical leaders worry that by identifying the entire movement with Robertson's Pentecostalism, liberals will be able to discredit evangelism as a whole.

JUST AS Falwell and Robertson represent different political and theological strains of right-wing evangelism, the right-wing evangelicals, taken as a group, represent only one wing of a broader evangelical movement. Evangelicals are not distinguished from other Christians by their politics but by the importance they attach to the experience of being "born again" through Jesus Christ and

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by their commitment to spreading the "good news" of their faith.

Right-wing evangelism originated about 100 years ago as part of a historic cleavage in American religion. In the 19th century, most American Protestants shared the Puritan conviction that the United States was "God's new Israel." If they believed in a Christian millennium, it was one that they were helping to create in America. But American Protestants' theology was severely tested. Darwin's theory of evolution threatened to undermine their faith in the Bible as the word of God. The influx of Catholic immigrants threatened the Protestant fabric of American society. Some Protestants made their peace with science and the new immigrants by adopting a social gospel of political and economic reform on earth. But other Protestants sought defensively to reaffirm their faith in the Bible's inerrancy.

THESE fundamentalists, as they came to be called by the early 20th century, also turned away from the postmillennial conception of America as God's Israel toward a premillennial vision of Armageddon. They saw themselves as an embattled minority among the faithless and benighted, and they sought to maintain the purity of their souls in the expectation of spiritual rather than political deliverance. As historian William G. McLoughlin has written, "Pervaded by gloom as the non-Protestant immigrants increased and as Protestant leaders abandoned belief in a literally infallible Bible, the fundamentalists concluded that they were the saving remnant. Yet they doubted whether they could save America or the world from the imminent Apocalypse."

These fundamentalists, who condemned Scopes and championed Prohibition during the 1920s and who created splinter sects in almost every major Protestant denomination, are the precursors of today's Bible conservatives. They were relatively quiescent during the 1930s, when the Depression, Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, and Huey Long and Father Coughlin's economic populism dominated politics, but they began to gain popularity after World War II, when the onset of the cold war and the nuclear age appeared to confirm the fundamentalists' prophecies of Armageddon. The current upsurge builds upon the anti-communist crusades of Carl McIntire and Billy Graham in the '50s, but it dates from the late '60s and early '70s and is most directly a response to feminism, urban riots, and the Supreme Court decisions on school prayer and abortion. For the fundamentalists, these developments taken together appear to suggest that Armageddon is near.

The premillennial theology of biblical conservatives undergirds and helps to explain what appears most peculiar in their politics: from their advocacy of creationism in schools to their outspoken support for the Israeli right wing. Falwell, Robertson, and others differ on the precise details of what will occur prior to Armageddon, but not on the outlines of Armageddon itself. As explained in books like Robertson's *The Secret Kingdom* or Christian Voice board member Hal Lindsey's *Late Great Planet Earth*, the onset of a seven-year period of tribulation is near. Its imminence is confirmed by the founding of the state of Israel, which the fundamentalists believe confirms biblical prophecy, and by the hostility between Israel and the Soviet Union.

The Tribulation will begin with the conversion of 144,000 Jews to Christianity and the signing of a pact between the Antichrist, who has seized control of the European Common Market nations (the "ten kings that shall arise" in Daniel), and the state of Israel. For the next three and a half years, all nations will peacefully coexist, while within each nation believers will be slaughtered. At the end of this period, the Antichrist will break his pact with Israel, and Armageddon will commence, culminating in a nuclear war between West and East ("Gog" and "Magog" in Ezekiel) that will wipe out one-third of the globe. With only a handful of humans remaining—Lindsey estimates 50 million—Christ will return and the millennium will commence.

The fundamentalists draw basic political conclusions from this scenario. Because Israel is the most important bulwark against the Soviet Union, they make the defense of Israel their highest priority. During the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982, Robertson predicted that a Soviet invasion of Israel was imminent and that it would usher in the Tribulation and the Second Coming. The fundamentalists also believe that attempts to reach arms accords with the Soviet Union are futile and self-delusionary. They do not welcome, but they also do not fear, the prospect of nuclear war. "Carl Sagan is predicting the world could be destroyed by nuclear winter. Theologically, that can't happen," Kenn Gividen says.

MANY COMPARE Robertson's role in the Republican Party to the Rev. Jesse Jackson's in the Democratic Party. The evangelists often question why politicians and the press do not complain when liberal ministers like Jackson or Martin Luther King enter politics. But the fundamentalists' orientation to politics is radically different from that of Jackson or King. Jackson is a latter-day proponent of the Social Gospel. His politics is his religious practice. The orientation of the right-wing evangelicals to politics is much closer to that of the American communists during the 1930s.

Like the Depression-era communists, the right-wing evangelicals of today address social concerns that the mainstream parties shy away from. There is a depression of the spirit in America today—an uncertainty about national purpose and meaning, an anxiety about family and community—almost as profound as the economic depression of the 1930s. But like the communists, the evangelicals are burdened by a theory of society and of history that, if fully exposed to public scrutiny, would discredit whatever is valid in their approach to particular issues.

The communists learned this lesson the hard way during the early '30s when they tried unsuccessfully to convince miners and textile workers that the United States needed a "dictatorship of the proletariat" like that in the Soviet Union. They appeared to resolve their dilemma in late '30s through the development of the Popular Front. The communists' belief in the inevitability of violent revolution

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and of a Soviet America became a purely private vision, and the communists joined in the celebration of the American past and liberal present. "Communism is 20th-century Americanism," the communist leader Earl Browder proclaimed. But the Popular Front was a ruse that merely displaced rather than resolved American communism's fundamental dilemma: how to win popular acceptance for ideas that were inherently unpopular.

On the American right, the right-wing evangelicals face exactly the same dilemma. Pat Robertson is not a right-wing Jesse Jackson, but a right-wing Earl Browder. If he were to spell out the basis of his politics, he would alienate all but the true believers. But if he seeks to accommodate right-wing evangelism with late-20th century Reaganism, he risks betraying his own evangelical purposes and may still fail to allay the profound distrust with which many Americans view his candidacy.

The similarities go still further. The communists saw themselves faced with a sea of bourgeois hostility. The fundamentalists see themselves surrounded by secular humanism. The communists believed that all other liberals and socialists were really part of the bourgeois sea. The fundamentalists reserve the term "Christian" for themselves. As ACTV's Curtis Maynard candidly explained to me, "There is a difference between being religious and being a Christian."

Faced with popular distrust of their theology, many right-wing evangelicals have even adopted a kind of Popular Front strategy in organizing their forces. At the Polk County Republican convention in Des Moines, Iowa, one of the evangelicals inadvertently left behind a guide, "How to Participate in a Political Party." The pamphlet instructed fundamentalists to "hide your strength" and "not to clean house of all non-Christians." In Minnesota, at a secret meeting penetrated by an undetected moderate, Christian conservatives were prepared for the state convention. "You may be asked to tell a little about yourself," they were told. "Experience has shown that it is best not to say you are entering politics because of Christian beliefs or life issues."

OF ALL THE evangelicals, Falwell seems to have most fully grasped the right-wing evangelical's political dilemma. His is the purest form of the fundamentalist popular front. But the tortured link between his theology (the approaching Tribulation) and his politics (backing Bush and Zschau) illustrates the limits of his strategy. The Falwells and Robertsons can speak their inmost convictions and risk isolation; they can work harmoniously "within the system" and risk abandoning their own program. Or like Billy Graham they can gradually modify their theology and politics so as to become a reflection of rather than a challenge to the American mainstream.

Conservative intellectuals have two competing views of what today's right-wing evangelical upsurge will mean for the Republican Party. The optimistic view, voiced by Citizens for America Director Jeff Bell and New Right leader Paul Weyrich, is that the evangelicals are leading a shift in political priority both in the Republican Party and nationally from economic to cultural issues. Bell believes that a Republican Party oriented around cultural conservatism could still win an electoral majority in the country, even though it would give up on the socially liberal baby boom generation. "I don't think in terms of baby booms, but of electoral votes," Bell says. "I see an inverted 'T' in the country, where the South and the Heartlands, from the Midwest out to the Mountain States, are available if cultural issues come to the fore. It's an electoral college majority."

POLITICAL CONSULTANT Robert Teeter voices the more pessimistic and far more widespread view. Looking back upon the New Deal coalition, Teeter remarks that its success rested on holding together diverse elements. Teeter does not think the cultural issues can bind the Republican coalition. "It is the economic themes that all the parts of the Republican coalition have agreed upon. With cultural issues, the cracks begin to show. Cultural issues have added new people to the Republican coalition, but it is not what has unified them."

Teeter's view suggests that if the right-wing evangelicals succeed in placing cultural and social issues on a par with economic issues and foreign policy, they could split the party's base.

Jay Wickliff, the Muncie businessman whom Don Lynch defeated in the primary, makes the same point in the kind of candid terms that only a person who has retired from active political involvement is willing to use. "We [Republicans] had the luxury of being able to focus on [economic] opportunities and of having the social issues people have no place else to go. They had a choice between Republicans who are ignoring the issues and the Democrats who are on the wrong side of the issues. So we piled up those votes without having to alienate the group of fiscally conservative, socially liberal folks in the middle, particularly young people who grew up during the civil rights movement and the Vietnam War. If now the fundamentalists cause Republicans to focus more on social issues and to stop focusing more on creating opportunities, then we will return to minority party status in fairly short order."

Wickliff has a nightmare about 1988. "The worst possible scenario is that you get Democrats stuck in the whole welfare thing and you get Republicans covering their fundamentalist flank, screaming about social issues and banning books. You get a big fight going and you have the whole middle of the political spectrum saying, 'What are these guys doing?' You end up with a fuss over all these unproductive issues that split the country and you get no real focus on leading the country forward."

Wickliff's nightmare won't come to pass. The Republicans will not nominate Robertson for president. And the Democrats are unlikely to stake their tenuous political future on a promise to expand the Great Society. But if Robertson is able to mobilize a noisy minority in the primaries, and if the right-wing evangelicals continue to press for power in the Republican Party, then many Republicans may wish that they had slept through the 1988 elections. □

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America's Europe problem.

NAKED NATO

QUICKLY, for $150 billion (roughly the amount the United States spends each year on NATO), identify the people urging the following positions:

Speaker A: "The fear of Soviet invasion has diminished." And, "A gradual withdrawal of a substantial portion, perhaps up to half, of our present ground forces would be a logical result."

Speaker B: America should "initiate a longer-term process to alter the nature of its military presence in Europe. . . . The United States will have to take the first steps, even perhaps unilaterally, through a ten-year program of annual cuts in the level of ground forces in Europe."

Speaker C: "American troops are not going to remain in Europe for very long. . . . There is no active public opinion in favor of keeping those troops in Europe. . . . Sooner or later such passive acceptance of an inherited military strategy will drain away into nothingness."

If you guessed Edward Kennedy or George McGovern or any other mainstream liberal political leader, you lose. The people primarily responsible for the growing attack on NATO are certified members of the moderate, conservative, and neoconservative foreign policy establishment. Speaker A is Henry Kissinger, Speaker B is former national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Speaker C is neoconservative godfather Irving Kristol. While these conservatives propose unilateral military withdrawal, many liberals favor maintaining America's military commitment to NATO—or even expanding it as part of a "no-first-use" nuclear policy.

New York Times columnist William Safire scathingly criticizes liberals and moderates who do not as yet understand that the days of NATO in its current form are—or should be—numbered: "Three hundred thirty thousand Americans man a Maginot Line intended only as a trigger for a U.S. nuclear attack on the Soviet Union if the Russians invade Europe. . . . [This] theory is hopelessly outdated. Our policy is frozen because too many hard-liners here think a pullout would dispirit the West Europeans, and too many soft-liners are afraid to be called 'isolationist' for saying the emperor of NATO is wearing no clothes."

America's fiscal crisis adds force to the logic of the case against NATO. With a $160-$200 billion deficit and limited possibilities for further domestic budget cuts or tax increases, defense spending is almost certainly going to be trimmed. And NATO is the financial heart of the Pentagon. It consumes three times the amount spent on strategic nuclear forces. A few years ago the Government Accounting Office estimated that NATO took up 56 percent of all military resources. Other estimates range from $120 to $170 billion of the roughly $300 billion total.

Revisionists on the right want to reduce U.S. spending in Europe in order to expand it elsewhere—especially to increase America's capacity to use troops in the Third World. A recent proposal by *U.S. News and World Report* publisher-editor Mortimer Zuckerman is representative: "Some 150,000 troops should be phased out of Europe over a five-to-ten year period and redeployed as an additional strategic reserve in the United States, able to move to the world's trouble spots." The goal is to "build U.S. airlift and sealift capabilities and enhance the Rapid Deployment Force so that, if needed, America [can] project adequate military power into the Persian Gulf area, the Middle East and southwest Asia where the risks and stakes to the Western geostrategic position are the highest."

Exasperation with the European allies—many of whom have repeatedly reneged on pledges to increase their own level of military spending—fuels the criticism. European nations spend roughly 3.8 percent of their GNP on average on defense; the United States spends roughly 6.7 percent. Some NATO critics hope a U.S. decision to withdraw troops will prod Europe into increasing its commitment.

The Europeans, who live each day under the nose of the Russian bear, don't seem to believe there is a serious likelihood of attack—or if they do, they are apparently not worried enough to tax themselves for a larger defense effort. How much longer will members of Congress and taxpayers continue to support such "allies," or to believe traditional arguments stressing the Russian threat?

There is also unhappiness with European criticism of American initiative elsewhere in the world. To aggressive neoconservatives who believe America should be less worried about what the allies think, NATO increasingly feels like a ball and chain restraining U.S. foreign policy. Conflicting approaches to Nicaragua and Libya have sparked intense controversy. Kristol observes that "a major clash between the United States and Europe over Central America could soon lead to overwhelming pressures in the United States for a redefinition of its role in NATO—even to the point of the withdrawal of U.S. forces from the continent."

THERE ARE three basic issues in the new NATO debate: (1) Is there a military need for the current high levels of U.S. NATO spending? (2) If not, what nonmilitary uses of these funds make the most sense? (3) Should the United States expand its military power in other areas? Many conservatives would like to answer "No" to the first question and "Yes" to the third, without pausing to discuss the second.

But if Congress believes that the current level of funding is more or less right for military functions other than NATO, then a cutback in NATO should logically lead to a reduction in the overall defense budget. This point has been urged by former Treasury Secretary William C. Simon and others worried about the deficit. Many neoconservatives would prefer to slide a good deal of the money now in NATO to other uses before the fiscal conservatives make their case effectively to the public.

And before the liberals wake up. Senator Gary Hart recently put a toe gingerly into the water, commenting that "we are not the Romans. We do not intend to stay in

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Germany for 300 years, or until we are driven out." Otherwise, Democrats aren't saying much about NATO. On the main issue the conservatives have had the field largely to themselves.

THERE ARE several obvious possibilities liberal Democrats could pursue. Both Kissinger and Brzezinski have urged a schedule of unilateral withdrawals, and it would not be difficult to develop legislation giving Europe ample notice that over, say, five years, the United States would cut $15-20 billion from its contribution to NATO each year until a floor of perhaps $50-75 billion was reached. The allies, taken together, are as rich as we are—and richer than the Russians. Such an approach would give them time to improve their defenses if they so chose, and a substantial U.S. troop commitment would continue to prove our willingness to be mutually at risk. Legislation of this kind could have a strong populist appeal if it were sponsored by liberal Democrats and if it specified that funds saved by the United States would be allocated to domestic use, tax reduction, and/or deficit reduction.

A Democratic foreign policy that proposed seriously revising America's role in NATO might also be well-positioned to take advantage of the desire for change in Europe. At some point in the next few years, new Labor, "Alliance," or Social Democratic governments in Britain and West Germany could well come into office with their own proposals to ease the military confrontation on the Continent. Within both nations there is a far-ranging debate over "de-nuclearized zones," "non-offensive" defense systems, and general schemes to disengage the military blocs.

Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev recently proposed major troop reductions "from the Atlantic to the Urals." On paper these could amount to up to 500,000 men on each side (and Soviet rhetoric includes dismantling of NATO and the Warsaw Pact). Many Russian experts believe the Soviet Union is suffering from such extraordinary economic difficulties that it would welcome some relief from the huge military burden it bears in Europe, and a new American initiative could challenge the Russians to begin serious negotiations.

Yet very few of the kinds of ideas liberals might normally be expected to develop have surfaced in the NATO debate. The political fears that Safire talked about, and worries about allied morale, explain part of the caution. Although hardly anyone imagines the Western allies will change sides in the cold war, as Gary Hart observes, "Even the smallest detail in the traditional structure . . . is considered sacrosanct."

Another major complication derives from "no first use." In the spring of 1982 four former presidential foreign policy advisers—McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert McNamara, and Gerard C. Smith—urged that the United States commit itself to not "going nuclear" first in any confrontation with the Soviets, and to increasing conventional forces in Europe as an alternative counterweight. Their underlying judgment accorded with the view that our current conventional military presence in Europe is only large enough to serve as a "trip-wire" for nuclear war. As Safire puts it: "Legions of realists know that no conventional deterrent exists in Europe." But the conservatives hold that conventional troops can be cut—and a good deal of money saved—without significantly altering this basic reality. McNamara, Bundy and Company argue that this basic reality needs to be changed. They insist that the nuclear threshold must be raised, and that building up the deterrent of NATO's conventional forces is the only way to do it.

Last month six other policy experts joined Bundy, McNamara, Kennan, and Smith in an *Atlantic* article delineating another "no-first-use" nuclear proposal. However, this time the group toned down an explicit commitment to a serious expansion of conventional forces. Although no reason for the change was given (and although they implicitly endorsed such a policy), the coyness is almost certainly attributable to the fact that new conventional forces are very expensive—and whatever the merits of the conventional build-up argument, large additional military expenditures are politically impossible both here and in Europe.

LIBERALS ARE in a stalemate—caught between the hope of reducing nuclear weapons and the reality of financial limits on conventional forces. The stalemate in turn has temporarily bolstered the position of old foreign policy hands who object to tampering with the status quo.

The consensus that there is little prospect of a Russian attack logically should open the way to a fundamentally new détente-based European security policy. Even Brzezinski, who is no liberal, is willing to contemplate a neutralized Germany as part of a buffer between East and West. Most people on both sides, however, continue to avoid the politically difficult issue of détente: the conservatives because the last thing they want to see is a neutral area in Europe, the liberals because they can't imagine it, or fear to raise it politically.

There is an outside chance that a Reagan-Gorbachev summit meeting would reduce some intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe. However, given the rigidities, bureaucratic interests, and worries of the allies on both sides, prospects for more than token change appear to be limited. The current focus of discussion is primarily the ABM treaty and the Star Wars defense systems. There is also no sign that the Reagan administration has given any official thought to major shifts in conventional forces.

At a more fundamental level, however, as the attack on NATO continues to gather force, the groundwork for a post-Reagan policy shift is being laid. In the absence of more far-ranging ideas from liberals and the left, the conservative critics are likely to dominate this discussion in both political parties. The no-first-use group, for all its concern about nuclear weaponry, concedes that such weapons are still the ultimate deterrent in Europe. So long as the liberals fail to integrate their no-first-use ideas with a serious disengagement approach, conservatives—with the only proposals that might save real money—will hold most of the politically appealing cards, especially in a period when the European allies are all but certain to cut their own de-

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fense spending and to criticize U.S. policies they don't like.

As the stand-pat centrists and new no-first-use liberals slowly lose ground in the NATO debate, America's European defense policy will be shaped more and more by those who aim to increase America's willingness and capacity to use force in diverse parts of the world. And by people whose views imply ever greater reliance on nuclear weapons in the main arena of cold war conflict.

GAR ALPEROVITZ

Gar Alperovitz is the author of a new, expanded edition of *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam* (Penguin) and, with Jeff Faux, of *Rebuilding America* (Pantheon).

Europe's America problem.

EQUILATERALISM

Oxford

Unilateralism. Trilateralism. Multilateralism. And now: Equilateralism. My term, but definitely not my thing. Equilateralism holds that the United States and Soviet Union are equal, and that our side—that is, Europe—should distance itself equally (and as far as possible) from both. The equilateralist equation: US = SU.

Equilateralism, now widespread in the peace movements and on the left in Western Europe, has more often been characterized in the United States as the "theory of moral equivalence." I think my term is better, because it's shorter, and because the equation is not just a moral one. Some equilateralists think America is as *bad* as Russia. Others merely think it's as *dangerous*—a political rather than a moral judgment. In fact there are as many varieties of equilateralism as there are of unilateralism, and as many complex underlying causes. Here are a few notes toward a definition.

There are four main ostensible areas of equilateralist concern: nuclear arms policies, the Western and Eastern alliances, the superpowers' "backyards," and the internal order of the Soviet Union and the United States. Obviously these areas overlap in reality, and in equilateralist statements they overlap even more.

Most widespread is the view that the United States is as much to blame as the Soviet Union for the escalation of the nuclear arms race. This sentiment spills over into the much less widespread view that the Western Europeans stand to the United States as the Eastern Europeans do to the Soviet Union—or at least, that Washington would like to treat us that way. Theorists of the "new cold war" articulate this most clearly. "The cold war," writes John Gittings in his introduction to the Penguin paperback *Superpowers in Collision* (co-authored with Jonathan Steele and Noam Chomsky), "is not only a contest for power but a mechanism through which each [superpower] maintains control over the clients and allies within its own empire." And E. P. Thompson writes of "the tendency for both military alliances—NATO and the Warsaw Pact—to become instruments of superpower political control, reducing the lesser states to abject cliency. This is as true in the West as in the East of Europe." (Note the easy transition from the cautious "tendency" to the unqualified "as true.")

Then there is the argument that the United States behaves as badly as the Soviet Union in areas outside Europe, which it may or may not consider to be its "backyard." "Afghanistan, yes, but what about Vietnam?" "Poland, yes, but what about Nicaragua?" Günter Grass, asked for his reaction to the imposition of martial law in Poland, told a West Berlin magazine: "I believe . . . that Poland is entirely comparable with Nicaragua and other states in Central America, with what the United States is trying to do there and has often enough done."

Last, and definitely least, there is the implication that even domestically the United States may not be *that* much better than the Soviet Union. Witness Grass's emotional outburst about the poor of the Bronx at the PEN congress in New York. A fine pseudoscholarly example comes from Fred Halliday, now professor at the London School of Economics, in his book *The Origins of the Second Cold War*. Comparing "advanced capitalist and advanced communist states," Halliday avers that communist states "have removed many forms of economic, social, racial, and sexual oppression characteristic of capitalist societies, but in the realm of political democracy—of voting, publishing, organizing, criticising established authorities—these countries have, as yet, failed to produce liberties that compare with those achieved under capitalism. In the language of Western political theory, the communist states offer 'substantive' freedoms—to work, housing, etc.—but not 'procedural' ones—to vote, criticise and so on." Well, who cares about mere procedural freedoms so long as you have substantive ones? But plainly most equilateralists have no doubt where they would rather live. The equilateralist argument is really about the external behavior of the superpowers, not their internal conditions.

WORDS LIKE "essentially" and "ultimately" work overtime in equilateralist arguments. The equilateralist starts with a sweeping global generalization. If challenged, however, he or she tends to respond with very specific examples. Challenged on the degree of police surveillance in Eastern Europe, he responds with individual examples of MI5 or CIA phone tapping in Western Europe; challenged on the degree of Soviet control over Eastern Europe, she responds with individual example of U.S. unilateral action from bases in the United Kingdom. (As when the United States declared a nuclear "red alert" at its bases in the United Kingdom in October 1973 without consulting the British.)

Now, of course you can find individual examples of brutality, injustice, censorship, military high-handedness and even secret service skulduggery in Western Europe

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that are almost as bad as the individual examples I can cite from Eastern Europe—particularly if you include Chile and El Salvador in Western Europe for the purposes of this argument. (This may not seem so unnatural to the average young Western European, for whom Eastern Europe is almost as remote as El Salvador.) Indeed, you can go on matching individual example for individual example until the cows come home. The point is to avoid the middle level of analysis, between the global generalization and the individual example, where you might be forced to ask the question: What is the exception and what is the rule?

Equilateralism is a Weltanschauung—a way of visualizing or imagining the world. Its central image is a simple and extremely powerful one: rational, civilized man or woman—a European—stuck between two irrational, uncivilized giants—Gog and Magog, United States and Soviet Union. "We are pig-in-the-middle," writes Thompson, "while an interminable and threatening argument between born-again Christians and still-born Marxists goes on above our heads." Variations on this one visual theme enter our subconscious through a thousand cartoons. Equilateralism fits into the shape of a rational argument: there is the thesis (American view), the antithesis (Soviet view), and the synthesis (our view)—two extremes and the rational middle. Equilateralists also revel in being attacked from both Washington and Moscow. Then they can say: "If both sides attack us, we must be right."

Equilateralism is a habit. Once acquired, it's difficult to chuck. Whatever the Soviet Union does, the equilateralist exclaims, "yes, but"; the "other hand" jerks automatically into action. Martin Walker, Moscow correspondent of the *Guardian*, recently offered us a classic example in his considered judgment on the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. Chernobyl, he wrote, "was the kind of incident that brought out the worst in both systems as we all reverted to type, the West overreacting and the Russians underreacting." (No pun intended?)

WHAT ARE the roots of equilateralism? One is the self-destruction of the Soviet model. After all, it was not so long ago that a great many people on the left, and not just communists, naturally assumed that the Soviet Union was *better* than the United States. If they now say only that the United States is as bad as the Soviet Union, this is a kind of progress. But if people on the once fellow-traveling European left have ceased to believe in the Soviet model, people on the once staunchly anti-Soviet European left (and social democratic or liberal center) have largely ceased to believe in the Soviet *threat*. This is one paradoxical result of the success of détente in Europe. West Berlin is the *locus classicus*.

So successful has the Four-Power Agreement of 1971 been in stabilizing and regularizing the relationship of West Berlin with the Soviet Union and East Germany that even the inhabitants of this "island in the red sea" have largely lost that sense of being immediately threatened by the Soviets that was so vivid in the city's consciousness from the 1940s to the late 1960s. Indeed, some West Berliners now apparently feel more threatened by the American, British, and French troops that are there to defend them. And even more by NATO's Cruise and Pershing II missiles stationed on West German soil.

HERE IS THE other side of the equation. A downward reassessment of the Soviet model (by communists) and of the Soviet threat (by anti-communists) is matched by a downward reassessment of the American model (by anti-communists) and an upward reassessment of the American threat (by communists and anti-communists alike!). Equilateralism and anti-Americanism are not identical—a moderate equilateralist may still love the American way of life, a rabid anti-American may not be equilateralist at all—but they are obviously related. It would require hundreds of learned pages to explore the many reasons—historical, cultural, economic, and social—behind the downward reassessment of the American model, which has taken quite different forms in different Western European countries

The upward reassessment of the American threat, by contrast, can be summarized in two syllables: Rea-gan. No matter that it was Jimmy Carter who made the NATO "two-track" decision that led to the Cruise and Pershing deployments. No matter that the Reagan administration has in practice been very cautious in its European policies. For the equilateralist, those two syllables sum up everything that is aggressive, ignorant, unpredictable, and irresponsible. Rea-gan. The very name is like a gun.

A different president, a less strident rhetoric, a better policy toward Nicaragua—these would take some wind out of equilateralist sails. Much wind would still remain: that sense of (false?) security that is a lasting achievement of European détente; the hypochondria about limited sovereignty—inviting the false and ignorant equation with the limited sovereignty of Eastern European states; above all, perhaps, the Gog and Magog cartoon-picture, or archetype, and the *habit* of equilateralist thinking that can somehow almost manage to make America co-responsible for Chernobyl.

One other lasting source of equilateralism is the reduction of Soviet-American relations, in the public eye, to the single subject of arms control. If the competition between the superpowers is reduced to arithmetic tables of weaponry, then the two sides inevitably look very much alike.

These are just a few more or less random and superficial journalistic observations. Plainly any self-respecting new "ism" demands nothing less than a full-scale scholarly book. So let some able scholar now wade into the sea of words, point out the critical distinctions between North German Protestant equilateralism, Quartier Latin equilateralism, and East Oxford equilateralism. We need an Anatomy of Equilateralism.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

Timothy Garton Ash is foreign editor of the *Spectator* (London).

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Looking Around the Edge

Jim Jarmusch is marking out his territory. This American director's first film, *Stranger Than Paradise* (1984), was a quiet, wry comedy about three young people floating on the currents of life, insofar as the stream moved. It contrasted their attitudes with the style of the film, a style derived from committed Renoir-like humanism. *Down by Law*, his new film,

Down by Law
(Island Pictures)

which as usual he wrote, explores a quite different comic contradiction: between the realistic conventions of film noir and the intrusions of fantasy—mostly the fantasies of people trapped in a film noir.

"Down by law," we're told, is a street term that means "in control." Again Jarmusch begins the comedy with the title itself because the three principal characters spend most of their time fighting control, by society and by the author's invention. John Lurie, who was the leading man in the earlier film, here plays a shabby New Orleans pimp. Tom Waits is a hard-drinking, drifting disc jockey. (I never knew that disc jockeys could drift, but he has worked in various cities.) Each is caught by the police in a trap set by an enemy. The two of them end up in a New Orleans jail cell along with an Italian, Roberto Benigni, a tourist whom Waits had briefly met earlier. It's typical of Jarmusch that Benigni, as benign as his name, is the one who is there for the gravest reason: he killed a man during a card game.

Benigni also provides the two chief instances of fantasy in this generally veristic film. He tells his two cell mates that he knows a way to escape. How would this foreigner, just imprisoned himself, know an escape route? When they tell him it's impossible, how does he find a way? The three simply leave their cell for exercise, and in the next shot they are fleeing through a sewer. When they have wandered a few days in a swamp and are hungry and cold, they come upon an isolated little restaurant called Luigi's Tin Top. Why is it there? Why is it Italian? (It's as if Benigni had willed it into existence.) Why is there a pretty young Italian woman in the restaurant, Nicoletta Braschi, who immediately falls in love with Benigni? Why does he decide at once to remain with her? All these questions the film raises and deliberately doesn't answer.

These are not the only fantasies or questions. When the prison guards' hounds are baying on the escapees' trail, the trio comes to a river. Benigni says he can't swim. Waits says he'll get him across. How? The next scene simply takes place on the other side. The three men happen on a deserted shack where they take refuge. The interior is virtually a reproduction of the cell they have just left. The symbolism is patent enough, comically so, but why does that shack exist?

If all these questions were raised in a film intended to be logical and credible, they would wreck it. If these fantasies occurred in a farce, they wouldn't be funny enough. (In *Road to Zanzibar*, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are surrounded by hostile African natives brandishing spears. In the next shot, the two stars are walking along an open road, and Hope says, "Well, we'll never tell how we got out of *that* one.") Jarmusch is after something else, as the texture of his film insists at every moment.

That texture is completely serious. The black-and-white cinematography is by the excellent Robby Müller, Dutch-born, who first came to notice with his work in Germany—*The Left-Handed Woman*, for instance. Müller's subtly dramatic lighting converts a nighttime New Orleans street into a social statement, a slime-covered swamp into stilled mercury. Jarmusch combines this super-reality with his own sense of composition, breaking space open diagonally with figures in the lower left and upper right, or using rectangular bunks in the rectangular cells against human forms. Add the score, with bluesy songs by Waits (a well-known singer and songwriter) and incidental jazz comment by Lurie (who has his own music group), and the result presses a world of lower depths into abstraction.

Into this seriously crafted abstraction, the ludicrous intrudes. Waits is sitting at night, half-drunk, in front of a dingy shop, swigging a pint, in a shot that epitomizes despair. In walks Benigni, from nowhere, and says, in his Italian accent, "It's a sad and beautiful world." His pat entrance, his foreignness, the phony profundity of his film noir pronouncement tell us that everything nitty-gritty up to now, stark as it was, is to be viewed as artifact. We are meant to see *around* the texture. But there would be no point in seeing around the texture if it were trumpery. For the very reason that it is well done, Jarmusch thinks it important that we go backstage, to see

FILMS WORTH SEEING

"About Last Night . . ." Taken—a long way—from David Mamet's play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. Still, it has brightness and tang. (Reviewed 8/4/86)

Next Summer. Writer-director Nadine Trintignant makes good use of her husband, Jean-Louis, and their daughter, Marie, along with Philippe Noiret and Claudia Cardinale. A French-family comedy-drama, which could almost have been made in 1956. Comfortable fun. (9/8/86)

Nothing in Common. Tom Hanks, advertising hotshot, and Jackie Gleason, his salesman father, keep things bustling in this somewhat muddled attempt to show a son learning values from his parents' troubles. (9/1/86)

She's Gotta Have It. Spike Lee, a black writer-director, guides his all-black cast through a sharp comedy of ultramod manners. Ribald, quick-witted, inventive, derivative, good and less good acting—but, overall, very lively. (9/15 & 22/86)

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that even this texture is a fabrication. All through the picture, the obvious fantasies and the unlikely presence of Benigni are Jarmusch's signs of subtler maneuvers.

Essentially, *Down by Law* is a comedy on two themes: photography and film form. As for photography: exactly because Müller's work is so good, Jarmusch seems to be saying that by now we are too easily lulled and gulled by good photography. As for film form: from the start Jarmusch is so skillful that he uses our belief in film to trap us into credence just as Lurie and Waits are trapped by the police. Before the credits, over jazz, the camera pans from right to left through New Orleans suburbs and streets until, as the music stops, we reach a bedroom where Lurie sits with a prostitute who is sleeping. The camera closes in on her face. She opens one eye. The music starts again, and we cut to more panning from left to right until, as the music stops again, we reach the bedroom of Waits and his girl. The camera closes in on her face. She opens one eye, the jazz starts again, and the panning continues. This cinematic choreography announces that the director knows the medium and is serious about it. But the truth of the first part of this statement, we see later, underscores the falsity of the second. We have been hoodwinked in a way that makes us question our assumptions about film form, about the idea of design itself. This doubt, also important in *Stranger Than Paradise*, is apparently Jarmusch's doubt about the world in which he makes his films.

All of the actors are aptly chosen and used. Lurie, with his oddly appealing horse face, shows again that he can unite short-term need with long-term vacancy. Waits, husky-voiced and removed, watches life come and go with secret amusement. In contrast, Benigni (a familiar comedian in Italy) is ebullient, very much in motion. The three women, in smaller roles, are all vivid: Braschi, Billie Neal as the prostitute, Ellen Barkin as Waits's girl.

Down by Law is certainly not gripping from beginning to end. It has its sags, and even when it's not sagging, it's not always gripping. But what interests us throughout is the clear presence of talent and intelligence in a film that seems to stroll around itself. After this film full of striking images, we're left with an invisible image: Jarmusch, at the side of the screen, grinning. □

"Compelling.

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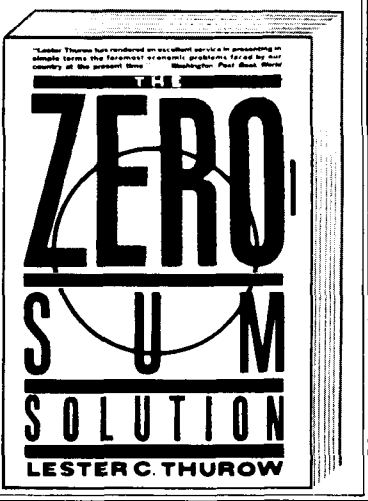

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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Here Are the Playwrights

Perhaps the question most frequently asked in the American theater is "Where are the playwrights?" Each generation believes that the past was a golden age of dramatic writing and the present is barren by comparison. I remember hearing the question in the '50s, when Williams, Miller, Hansberry, Gibson, and Inge were dominating the stage. It was asked again in the '60s, when Albee, Gelber, Kopit, Feiffer, Bullins, and Ribman were generating plays. And it has been insistently posed in recent years—a period, paradoxically, when American play writing may very well have been entering a renaissance. Even American playwrights are sometimes prone to accept the legend of their invisibility. In a recent article in the *New York Times*, Albert Inaurato bemoaned the cultural conditions that were making it impossible for dramatists like himself to work: insufficient royalties, indifferent audiences, unavailable actors, unadventurous producers. The situation sounds dismal—until you notice that there are more talented playwrights around the theater today than at any other time in our history.

Playwrights are a stubborn breed. Potentially the most ballyhooed writers in our society, they rarely enjoy consistent public or critical approval. One day they are lions, the next day goats. They can work for years on a script, rehearse it for months, and see it die in a week. They may experience every form of discouragement known to a writer. Yet unlike our actors and directors, they rarely abandon the stage permanently for movies or television (many have the option to moonlight in these lucrative fields). Play writing is not so much a craft as an obsession. Playwrights often seem to have no other choice than to write plays.

I know good dramatists who haven't had a work produced in New York in over ten years. Yet every season, like clockwork, they submit a new script. In the past, one could argue, they were playing the odds. With one Broadway hit, followed by tours, out-of-town productions, and publication in the Samuel French catalog, their financial future was assured. Nobody expects this anymore. Today a serious American play stands as much chance on Broadway as a classical revival, which is to say a brief run at best, even in the unlikely event it gets produced. American playwrights are exiles in their own land, their traditional territory having been usurped by British imports, formula musicals, and lightweight comedies.

Yes, it's true that Marsha Norman's *'night Mother*, David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*, August Wilson's *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*, David Rabe's *Hurly-Burly*, and perhaps a few others have enjoyed productions on Broadway in the past five years. All of them originated at resident theaters and none, I believe, made a profit on its commercial run. John Guare's *House of Blue Leaves* will transfer to Broadway next season after successful showings first at the Mitzi Newhouse, then at the Vivian Beaumont at Lincoln Center. My guess is this play won't make a profit either, though it's closer than most to having a successful formula. With this kind of record, even the most adventurous Broadway producers are being forced to recognize that they can't return investments with serious plays, and this in turn inhibits any desire to risk capital in the hope of advancing American theater. The situation will not improve; it will deteriorate further.

So where are the playwrights? They're here, all right, though not in commercial venues. They are still being welcomed by resident companies, off Broadway and beyond, and by the various playwriting festivals in Louisville, Waterford, and the Berkshires. Their fees range from pin money to modest royalties, but the possibility of the Big Bonanza is becoming more and more remote. A Broadway playwright once remarked that you can't make a living in the theater, only a killing. Now you can't even make a killing. Your best hope for a living is an NEA or Rockefeller or Guggenheim grant, or a play that makes the rounds of the non-profit theaters, possibly followed by a modest movie sale.

I am going to propose a strange hypothesis; I hope it will not be construed as showing insensitivity to the American playwright's material needs. But it is my growing conviction that the very conditions blocking commercial success are proving responsible for artistic developments of a very high order. In the past, the pattern of American play writing had usually been one or two major successes, accompanied by phenomenal media acclaim, followed by a succession of disappointing failures and a critical write-off. This was the pattern for O'Neill, who was forced to abandon the stage for almost a decade and afterward watch his masterpiece *The Iceman Cometh* rejected by press and public alike. It was the experience of Clifford Odets, who couldn't ring a cash register on Broadway after *Awake and Sing* and *Golden Boy*. It was the fate of Arthur Miller after *All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman*, a dramatist of world acclaim who hasn't managed to make a significant theatrical impact in almost 20 years. It was the biannual response to Tennessee Williams, whose later offerings were met with continual discouragement and impatience. And it was the pattern for Edward Albee, who hasn't even had a minor success since *A Delicate Balance* in 1966, or launched a commercial production since the short-lived *Man with Three Arms* five or six years ago. The criticism most frequently heard about the playwrights of past generations, particularly Williams, was that they were repeating themselves. If this was true, it was less an artistic choice than a consequence of immeasurable cultural pressure to match their past triumphs.

The successful American playwright was forced to pay dearly for his momentary fame, largely because it was so incredibly inflated. More than the novelist, certainly more than the poet, the Great American Playwright became a source of hopes and expectations so magnified it was virtually impossible to fulfill them. Perhaps because plays reached the public more directly than novels or poems, the hit playwright was instantly catapulted into the kind of celebrity usually enjoyed only by movie stars and sports heroes. But just as fatigue invariably follows familiarity, so the reputable playwright soon discovered that nothing he could produce, not even clones of past hits, would satisfy the sensation-hungry palates of a fickle public, a jaded press.

Now, of course, whether by choice or circumstance, even a Miller or an Albee has little access to the commercial stage. No wonder, when Sam Shepard, one of our most celebrated writers (and movie actors), has yet to see his first Broadway production. But this has not limited Shepard's powers. Indeed, unlike

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those predecessors who wilted under such conditions, Shepard has flourished in a state of marginality. With the exception of his most recent play, *A Lie of the Mind* (the first to show overt signs of self-consciousness), Shepard's work has been a model of growth and variety. The same may be said of his gifted contemporaries—I suspect for much the same reasons. David Mamet's initial Broadway production of *American Buffalo*, a masterpiece of writing and acting, was greeted with critical jeers and audience incomprehension, which may be why he followed that work not with more naturalistic proletarian dramas but with new departures: the theatrical *Life in the Theatre*, the socially explosive *Glengarry Glen Ross*, the mysteriously metaphysical *The Shawl*. David Rabe, following his somewhat self-righteous off-Broadway Vietnam plays, *Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones*, went on to develop a passionate drama of social documentary, culminating in the scorchingly written (though superficially produced) *Hurly-Burly*. Ronald Ribman, whose only Broadway entry was the realistic *Cold Storage* in the mid-'70s, has been developing quietly, methodically, and meticulously into one of the most haunting dramatic poets our stage has ever seen, with three new plays announced for next season that are destined to make theatrical history.

With *Marie and Bruce*, savaged by the New York press, Wallace Shawn emerged as a playwright of courage and intellect. And although I was not among the admirers of *Aunt Dan and Lemon*, it could not have been predicted by anything Shawn had yet written. Christopher Durang has been distilling his special brew of denatured venom for about a decade now, each new work a deeper incision into the source of the pain that produced it. Arthur Kopit has moved gracefully from absurdist comedies to the interior journeys of *Wings* to the satiric indignation of *End of the World*. These, I believe, are all major playwrights. But even less ambitious, less versatile, or less prolific writers—Lanford Wilson, Marsha Norman, Terrence McNally, Keith Reddin, Albert Inaurato, Robert Auletta, A. R. Gurney, Beth Henley, August Wilson, Richard Nelson, Charles Mee Jr., Harry Kondoleon, William Hauptman, and many others—are composing plays with serious intentions, powerful themes, rigorous craftsmanship, and subtleties of character and action.

The numbers alone suggest that something unusual is happening in our theater, but the general quality and intelligence of the work is the real measure. Because they so rarely have Broadway hits, few of these playwrights have found their way into the feature sections of newspapers and magazines. Their existence is not a significant fact in the minds of the literate public at large. But this may be the very reason they continue to write with such obdurate intensity, with such astonishing unpredictability. Obscurity has advantages as well as disappointments, just as sudden fame can prove to be the greatest enemy of promise. In the past, a few notable writers—J. D. Salinger, Edmund Wilson—made a conscious decision to refuse celebrity on the premise that it was death to talent. In Salinger's case, so far as we know, the talent died anyway. At the present time, celebrity is electing to refuse quite a few notable writers—with somewhat more encouraging results. The drain on writers' egos and income may be damaging, but the impact on the development of their gifts has been unquestionably salutary. Today's playwrights may not have as much chance as yesterday's to get momentarily rich and famous. But they have a better shot at something more elusive and more satisfying—the capability to last the course with dignity, without compromising their talents. So the next time you hear someone ask, "Where are the American playwrights?" tell him, They're here!

THE ORAL MAJORITY

Oral Roberts: An American Life by David Edwin Harrell Jr.

(Indiana University Press, 622 pp., $29.95)

During much of the past 30 years, the principal religious activity of millions of Americans has been watching Oral Roberts on television. He has talked to them about the healing power of Jesus from the enormous tents in which he held his great crusades in the 1950s and '60s; from churches and auditoriums and stadiums around the country and the world; from television studios in New York and Los Angeles; and more recently from his own broadcast center in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he preaches from a comfortable living room that looks like the set of "Good Morning America." Some of Roberts's constituents ("partners," he calls them) are members of established churches in their own communities. Some are not. But in either case, many derive from Roberts's television ministry a more vibrant and satisfying religious message than the mainstream Protestant denominations can offer them.

To those unfamiliar with Roberts and his world, the nature of that message is not always clear, in part because the most striking feature of his broadcasts (and his ministry as a whole) has often appeared to be a relentless and unembarrassed commercialism. In the course of a recent Sunday morning program, for example, Roberts spent nearly half of his 30 minutes of airtime promoting his new book and publicizing a ministers' conference to be held on the campus of Oral Roberts University in late June. Roberts's son and heir apparent, Richard, has a daily, hour-long Christian talk show in which promotion is even more conspicuous. The younger Roberts hawks books, pamphlets, tapes, and mementos; his show is sprinkled with slick "commercials" urging tourists to visit the new Oral Roberts Healing Outreach Center in Tulsa, which includes a Disneyland-like "Journey Through the Bible" with "state-of-the-art electronics, lasers, sound effects and music, to make the greatest stories of the Bible come alive right before your eyes."

Although Oral Roberts is more circumspect in appealing for money from his partners than many other television evangelists, contributions flow into Tulsa at an astonishing rate. During one extraordinary month in 1982, the ministry received gifts totaling $18 million. Even during normal times, the ministry has until very recently raised more money than any other religious association in the nation. These successes have enabled

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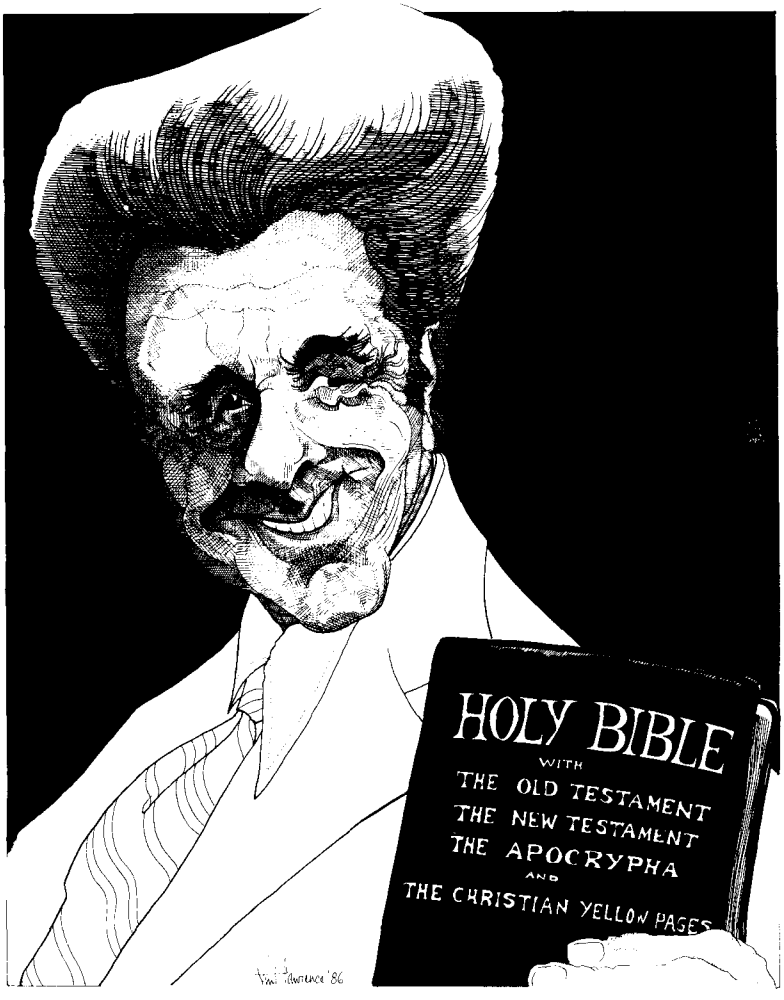
Roberts to build a remarkable empire. Oral Roberts University enrolls over 4,500 students in its fully accredited undergraduate and graduate programs, and occupies a complex of lavish new buildings of striking modern design. The City of Faith, an enormous medical complex whose 60-story tower is the tallest building in Oklahoma, houses a medical school, a dental school, a major hospital, and a research center where Roberts insists a "cure for cancer" will soon be found. The new Healing Outreach Center serves as, among other things, a tourist mecca. A large convention complex enables Roberts to hold enormous conferences and to draw visitors from around the world.

There have been countless disciples and imitators—among them Pat Robertson, once a Roberts protégé, who is now running for the Republican nomination for president. But with the possible exception of Billy Graham, no American religious figure of the last 40 years has had Roberts's reach or impact. Even so, as David Harrell points out in the introduction to his important book, Roberts has received relatively little serious attention from journalists or historians, and has never before been the subject of a major biography. Harrell, a historian at the University of Alabama-Birmingham and the author of several earlier books on charismatic religious movements, has corrected that lack with an exhaustively researched and richly detailed study. It is a sympathetic, even credulous work that seems at times hardly distinguishable from an authorized "house" biography. Still, Harrell is so thorough and rigorous that he is, if not always lively, at least reliable and informative. As a result, he reveals a great deal not only about Roberts himself but about the religious culture at whose center he stands. And he helps make comprehensible the apparent anomaly of a spiritual movement grounded supposedly in its opposition to mainstream, secular culture but engaged relentlessly in enormously successful commercial activities.

The Oral Roberts ministry, which began in 1947, is the direct descendant of two great schisms in American Protestantism dating from the late 19th and early 20th centuries. One is familiar: the bitter fight over Darwinism that began in the 1870s and that produced a lasting division between modernists and evangelicals. Protestant modernists (a group that came to include most members of the intelligentsia and the urban upper classes) adapted to Darwinism by discarding from their theology those religious beliefs that contradicted the new teachings of science. For many of them, religious faith became as a result a largely passive experience, consigned to a safe corner of daily life and—as time went on—easily and frequently abandoned. Evangelicals, on the other hand, struggled to preserve the tenets and the intensity of traditional faith in the face of the apostasy of the modernists.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Evangelicalism (which has generally been most visible through the activities of its more radical adherents, the fundamentalists) was in part a social and cultural protest against an increasingly secular, cosmopolitan world from which many conservative Protestants felt excluded. As such, it rejected at times not only Darwinism but a wide range of other modern values and assumptions. Yet the movement was first and foremost a theological crusade, centered around several points of doctrine that modernists had found inconvenient but that evangelicals continued to cherish: the importance of personal conversion; the infallibility of the Bible, literally interpreted; the factuality of biblical miracles; the importance of the Old Testament and its teachings (modernists tended to prefer the New Testament, with its gentler and more ambiguous messages). Many evangelicals, although not all, accepted as well the doctrine of premillennialism: a belief rooted in biblical prophecies of the second coming of Christ, who would return to earth in the midst of a great apocalypse to redeem those who truly believed in him and usher in a thousand years of peace and justice. Premillennialism led to a conviction among some evangelicals that the world of man—the world of "kings and nations"—was irrelevant to the lives of true Christians. Their mission was to pray, to evangelize, to believe, and to wait for the end.

The second schism in American Protestantism is less familiar. On New Year's Day 1901, at Bethel Bible College in Topeka, Kansas, the Reverend Charles Fox Parham conducted a service during which a female student began "speaking in tongues"—praying in an incomprehensible language. To many Christians, the "gift of tongues" (or glossolalia) is the sign of a special religious experience: the descent of the Holy Spirit onto a be-

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liever, a personal baptism based on direct contact with the Lord. Five years later, at the Azusa Street Mission in Los Angeles, a rash of similar ecstatic conversions sparked a revival that spread rapidly throughout the United States.

The episodes at Bethel and Azusa Street are commonly considered the beginning of the Holiness movement, or modern American Pentecostalism—a movement that emerged largely out of fundamentalism, but diverged from it on a number of points. Pentecostals rejected the belief of many fundamentalists that the "age of miracles" had passed, that God had ceased to reveal himself to man. The Lord was, rather, an immediate presence in the everyday world, communicating directly with the faithful through the Holy Spirit, constantly performing miracles. He could change the life of any Christian at any moment. Speaking in tongues was the first sign of the presence of the Lord in the life of a believer.

But certain chosen Pentecostals might acquire additional gifts that would enable them to channel the power of the Holy Spirit into the lives of believers: the gift of prophecy, the gift of interpretation of tongues, and above all the gift of healing. Through much of the 20th century, outsiders have generally become aware of Pentecostalism as a result of the activities of the charismatic healers, who claim the ability to channel God's powers into the sick through the "laying on of hands," and as a result of the ecstatic camp meetings in which rapturous Pentecostals toss away their crutches and proclaim miraculous cures.

THE Pentecostal revival spread rapidly among American Protestants, and particularly rapidly among lower-class men and women seeking a deeper and more spontaneous religious experience than the increasingly staid and middle-class mainstream denominations (both modernist and fundamentalist) had come to offer them. Pentecostalism found its way into many existing churches (and particularly into Methodist congregations in the South and the West). It created denominations of its own (the Assemblies of God, the Church of God, and the Pentecostal Holiness Church). It spawned a new breed of evangelist, often unattached to any formal church, who created independent ministries of enormous strength. Aimee Semple McPherson, the controversial healing revivalist of the 1920s and '30s, was among the most prominent of the early Pentecostals.

Even more than the fundamentalism from which it had sprung, Pentecostalism remained through the first half of the 20th century an obscure and largely unnoticed subculture, generally ridiculed by the secular mainstream. It was a religion for the poor and the provincial, for men and women isolated from the "great world" and unlikely ever to enter it. But then, in the aftermath of World War II, came a change. The dramatic postwar capitalist expansion began to lift many of even the most isolated Americans out of poverty and into at least the fringes of the middle class. The Pentecostal constituency now encountered opportunities not just for spiritual solace, but for real material gain. And in 1947, perhaps in response to these changes, another great period of Pentecostal expansion began, this time in very new directions. Oral Roberts was there to lead it.

ROBERTS WAS born in 1918 in rural Oklahoma and grew up in typical Pentecostal surroundings. His father was an itinerant preacher of the Pentecostal Holiness Church. The family moved frequently and lived meagerly. Roberts describes his youth with a combination of horror (at its privations) and pride (in his escape from it). "There were times," he recalled in his 1972 autobiography, *The Call*, "when we were reduced almost to starvation." In 1935 he contracted tuberculosis and seemed unlikely to recover. But in July of that year, he attended a camp meeting in Ada, Oklahoma, stood before a Pentecostal revivalist, and "felt the healing power of the Lord . . . like electricity going through me." In an instant, he claims (with characteristic overstatement), the tuberculosis left his lungs and he was healed. In fact, his recovery was slow and painful and occupied many more months. But recover he did; and having done so, he dedicated his life to serving the Lord who had, he said, told him to "take the message of my healing power to your generation."

For over a decade, Roberts served, like his father, as a Pentecostal minister in small towns and rural communities in the South and West—moving about from North Carolina to Georgia to Oklahoma, supervising modest parishes, and finding himself increasingly restless and frustrated. Finally, in 1947, after an extended period of fasting and despair, he once again heard the voice of God as he was praying at his church in Enid, Oklahoma. Then, as on countless other occasions, the Lord chose to convey to Roberts instructions of remarkable triviality: "Stand upon your feet. . . . Go and get in your car. . . . Drive one block and turn right." (Among the more recent pieces of arcana God has delivered to Roberts have been instructions that the three towers of the City of Faith medical center should be 60, 30, and 20 stories tall.) But also on that night in 1947, Roberts claims, he heard the command that would change his life: "From this hour your ministry of healing will begin."

THERE IS no easy explanation for why Oral Roberts, among so many other Pentecostal evangelists, became over the next two decades the giant of healing revivalism. He was (and is) a man of unusual rhetorical power, but so were many others. What perhaps most set him apart was his obsessive determination, his conviction that he was destined for greatness, and his willingness to drive not only himself but those around him—family, friends, associates—with relentless intensity. Whatever the reasons, however, Roberts's crusades throughout the United States, and eventually throughout the world, generated enormous crowds, rapturous enthusiasm, and thousands of testimonials from men and women who insisted that he had healed them.

Almost from the start, it seems clear, Roberts was intent not just on saving souls and curing disease, but on building a large, visible, and permanent empire that would serve as testimony to God's (and his own) achievements. It began in the late 1940s, when he constructed a substantial office building in Tulsa for his Healing Waters evangelistic association. It expanded in 1954, when he began televising his crusades and discovered the enormous financial rewards of soliciting contributions over the air. And it culminated in 1965, when he opened Oral Roberts University—not simply another Bible college, but a degree-granting academic institution that would, he promised, train Christian men and women to move out into the world and serve as missionaries.

These would be missionaries not just to the heathen of Africa or Asia or Latin America. They would carry the gospel to "the board rooms of New York, the offices of Chicago, and the classrooms of Phoenix." They would take Pentecostalism out of the hinterland and into the centers of power, and they would break down the barriers that had for so long isolated Roberts and his kind from the

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world of the American mainstream. Patti Roberts, Oral's former daughter-in-law and a member of the first entering class at ORU in 1965, recalls in her memoirs the excitement of the promise: "He was saying that I could love Jesus and still become all that I could be in His name and take my place in the world community."

A question that has arisen ever since in the minds of some of Roberts's fellow Pentecostals (although never, he insists, in his own mind) is whom this ambitious ministry really changed. Did it achieve its ostensible purpose of changing the secular mainstream, infusing it with Christian faith and rectitude? Or was its real achievement to alter itself, to conform to the standards of its new middle-class constituency? In some respects, at least, it is the Pentecostals who seem to have adapted to the secular culture, and not the other way around.

EVIDENCE for that comes, in part, from the extraordinary degree to which Roberts has fused charismatic religion with the consumerist desires of middle-class America. He continues, of course, to talk about God's power to heal the sick and save the unredeemed. But he talks with much greater frequency about other gifts available through the Holy Spirit. Roberts's magazine, *Abundant Life*, conveys the message: Jesus wants those who love him to be not only spiritually and physically whole, but financially whole as well. His controversial doctrine of "seed faith" takes the message further, presenting religious conviction as a kind of spiritual mutual fund. Those who make a "seed faith" gift to the Oral Roberts ministry can expect a threefold return on their "investment" from some "unexpected source" within a year. If they do not, Roberts promises, he will return the original contribution.

The promise of immediate material reward pervades the Roberts ministry. To his partners, he sends multicolored prayer sheets to be mailed back to him with a list of needs for which he can pray: "The RED area is for your SPIRITUAL healing; the WHITE area is for your PHYSICAL healing; the GREEN area is for your FINANCIAL healing. Check the needs you have and RUSH them back to me." In 1983, he "laid his hands" on a paper napkin for a dinner companion who wished to use it to meet his family's needs. A few weeks later, he received a message of gratitude:

> I laid your hands . . . on my daughter for her new computer school that she is starting. I laid them on my billfold for a financial need that I am feeling. . . . Thank you for letting us use this simple table napkin in a simple Act of Faith as a point of contact. OUR MIRACLES ARE ON THE WAY!!

Roberts quickly mailed out thousands of paper napkins to his partners, with the inspiring testimony printed on one side and a tracing of his hands printed on the other.

Roberts himself is not, apparently, a particularly materialistic man. He lives comfortably, certainly, in a substantial president's residence at the university in Tulsa; in a vacation home in Palm Springs; and in a $2.4 million house in Beverly Hills (purchased "as an investment" by his ministry). But he has accumulated relatively little personal wealth, and lives less ostentatiously than some other members of his organization or even than other members of his own family. Still, he is clearly attuned to the yearning, among even the most devout Christians in postwar America, for access to the fruits of middle-class abundance—a yearning that the "miracle" of economic growth has made possible for them to fulfill in ways that in earlier eras seemed all but impossible.

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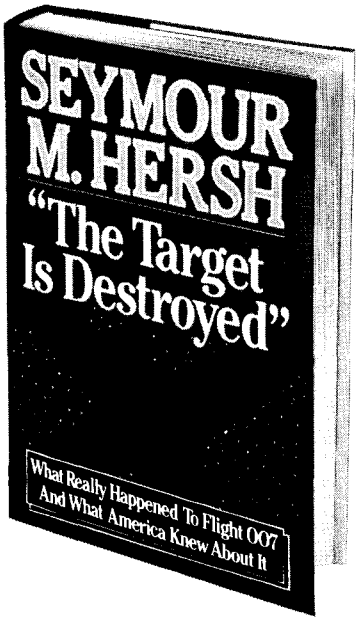

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Roberts traces this sensitivity to a revelation he experienced in 1947, at almost the same time that he received his message from God to begin his healing ministry—a revelation that came from reading a passage in the Book of John: "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." The message, he concluded, was that "God is a good God," that it was not necessary to "be poor to be a Christian." As a first test of his faith, he bought a new Buick, which "became a symbol to me of what a man could do if he would believe God."

SINCE THEN Roberts's message has not been one of withdrawal from the world of consumer pleasures, not one of self-denial or Christian asceticism. Least of all has it been a message of man's inherent sinfulness and the terrors of damnation. It is the much more congenial message that God wants those who believe in him to be prosperous, successful, and happy—a gospel epitomized by such slogans as "Expect a Miracle," "Release Your Faith," or (the phrase with which he opens every television broadcast) "Something Good is Going to Happen to You." Roberts's wife, Evelyn, in her deferential 1976 memoir, makes particularly explicit this religious justification for material ambition. "I think our desires are just as important to God as our needs," she writes. The Lord "is just as concerned about our car payments, dental and medical bills, food bills, and rent as we are. He wants us to prosper."

But Oral Roberts's adaptation to the "great world" goes beyond a simple celebration of material success. It embraces as well a craving for respectability, a desire for movement out of the Pentecostal subculture and into the life of mainstream America. Roberts's decision in the 1960s to abandon his much ridiculed (and by then dwindling) tent campaigns and turn his attention to his university and to television was one of the first indications that he was no longer content with a position of influence among traditional Pentecostals alone. And in the ensuing years he engaged in relentless efforts to make himself and his ministry palatable to the middle class.

He produced prime-time television specials with such guest stars as Jerry Lewis, Jimmy Durante, Johnny Mathis, Burl Ives, and Tennessee Ernie Ford. He himself made appearances on Johnny Carson, the "Dinah Shore Show," "Laugh-In," "Hee Haw," and the Jerry Lewis Telethon. At Oral Roberts University, students were encouraged to dress and behave in ways that the middle class would find attractive. Aerobic weight-loss programs were required; the chronically obese could be expelled. Women were encouraged to wear makeup and fashionable clothes. (Roberts once flew into a rage when conservative Pentecostals criticized a student singing group that appeared on his television show for displaying too much "flesh." Who, he asked, would watch a program on which women wore ankle-length dresses?) And in 1968, he left the Pentecostal Holiness Church and became a Methodist. By joining a more "respectable" denomination, he apparently believed, he would improve his access to the American middle class.

Roberts's own gratitude for signs of acceptance from the larger world verges at times on the pathetic. He described to his students one such sign:

> This sounds crazy . . . but they have my picture hung up all over the stars in the NBC studio. . . . There's Flip Wilson and I'm right next to the Killer. Then there's Bob Hope. . . . And when I come out there it's just like rolling the red carpet out. . . . The Lord has given us favor with these people.

When Ronald Reagan sent a congratulatory telegram to the dedication of the City of Faith in 1981, Roberts was almost speechless: "I just want you to know I'm no longer the little boy from Tulsa. President Ronald Reagan! I didn't know this was coming."

AS DAVID HARRELL makes clear, Roberts is a determined, intelligent, and talented man whose accomplishments are, indeed, remarkable. But he is not, it seems, particularly likable. He tyrannizes friends and associates, squelching opposition to his plans with the disconcerting habit of claiming to receive his instructions directly from God on even the most trivial of issues. (He almost destroyed his empire in the late 1970s by insisting, over the objections of almost all his associates, that God had ordered him to construct the enormous City of Faith medical complex without delay, no matter what the cost. Once built, it became—as the Tulsa medical community had predicted—an expensive white elephant, unable to fill even one-fourth of its hospital beds. It remains today as a financial burden that, according to some observers, threatens to bankrupt the entire Roberts ministry.) He so inflates claims of his own successes (his production of conversions, healings, and other miracles) that even ORU students have at times referred derisively to his magazine, *Abundant Life*, as "Abundant Lies." Indeed, Roberts's obsession with his own empire—with its survival and growth—verges on the monomaniacal. He "will sacrifice anything for his ministry," Patti Roberts insists.

Roberts's God, as he so often says, is a "good God," a God capable of cleansing sin and healing sickness, to be sure, but a God engaged above all in helping men and women achieve happy, prosperous lives. He is a God who gives evidence of his presence in the world by helping Oral Roberts raise millions of dollars and build gleaming towers of anodized aluminum in Tulsa, Oklahoma; a God who instructs his disciples to fill the airwaves and bookstores with "Eight Steps to Recovery," "Your Key to Financial Health," and countless other counterparts to the secular self-help guides that have been a staple of popular culture since Dale Carnegie; a God whose favor is visible not just through faith or good works, but through material success. Patti Roberts, whose personal bitterness toward the Roberts family undoubtedly colors her evaluation of the ministry, nevertheless expresses concerns that many Christians have felt about the direction of modern Pentecostalism:

> Instead of looking for the marks of the Spirit in a person's life—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and the others—we have a tendency to consider the cars he drives, the clothes he wears, or the buildings he's built as the measure of God's grace in his life and the quality of his relationship to God.

THE INCREASING strength and visibility of charismatic religion in recent years has produced bewilderment, contempt, and alarm among secular Americans who not long ago believed that active faith was a vanishing force, consigned to the provincial backwaters of society. To them the Christian right often seems like a kind of barbarian horde, storming the gates of the secular world and attempting to supplant it with an alien world of its own.

But the story of Oral Roberts and his ministry, and the story of many other evangelists who have followed in his wake, suggests that some Pentecostals, at least, define their challenge in different and much less menacing terms. Theirs is not an effort to destroy or replace the

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American mainstream, not even an effort to change it in any marked degree. It is an effort, rather, to have it all: to preserve an active, vital faith while at the same time sharing in the fruits of the modern middle-class world and basking in its approval. The clamor at the gates may not be the sound of a hostile wrath. It may be, simply, a plea for admission.

ALAN BRINKLEY

Alan Brinkley teaches American history at Harvard University.

TWIST AND SCOUT

The Character Factory: Baden-Powell and the Origins of the Boy Scout Movement by Michael Rosenthal

(Pantheon, 352 pp., $22.95)

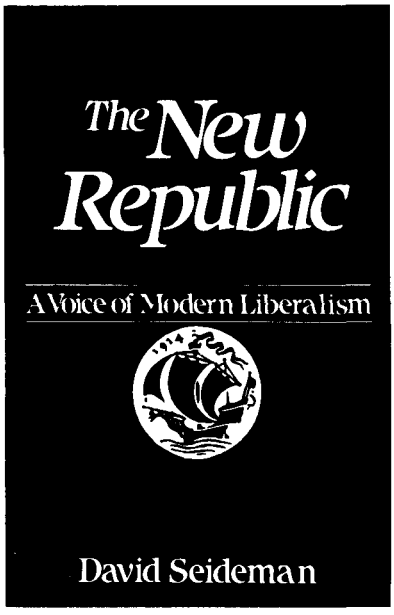
Robert Baden-Powell was one of the most esteemed Englishmen of his time. He was a Victorian hero who, in 1899, successfully defended the South African town of Mafeking for 217 days against the onslaught of the Boers, thereby providing the British public with their one great moment of jingoistic euphoria in an otherwise unhappy and inauspicious war. He was an eminent Edwardian who, in 1909, launched the Boy Scouts. It soon became the most successful mass youth movement in history, which owed as much to its founder as nursing does to Florence Nightingale.

Baden-Powell was an English gentleman of upright character, unassailable integrity, and ironclad patriotism, whose own life exemplified the three most famous scouting injunctions—to be pure in thought, word, and deed, to play the game, and to be prepared. He was a much honored prophet in his own country and around the world; a grateful British nation lavished upon him four orders of chivalry, a baronetcy, and a peerage; only the outbreak of the Second World War seems to have denied him the Nobel Peace Prize; and only the death of Cecil B. De Mille prevented a Hollywood epic based on B-P's life.

Such was the image of Baden-Powell in his prime and in his time: "utterly noble and good and dear and wonderful," as his widow put it on his death. But what was the reality of the person behind the paragon? And what was the truth about the motives behind the movement? Michael Rosenthal's answers are unyieldingly critical and remorselessly iconoclastic. Far from seeing B-P as the authentic hero, he depicts him as a carefully contrived creation, every bit as manufactured as his waxwork image in Madam Tussaud's. Rosenthal contends that, for all his reputation as the incarnation of moral goodness, Baden-Powell was fundamentally an ambitious, disingenuous, philistine, and hypocritical operator, who merely exemplified in an exaggerated form the most disagreeable traits of his time. And the Scout movement as he originally envisaged it was no better: a cynically manipulated "character factory" whose purpose was not to encourage boys to play the game, but to safeguard the established political and imperial order in Britain from external threats and domestic subversion.

There is, beyond a doubt, considerable evidence in support of such a hostile view. B-P was born in 1857—the year of the Indian Mutiny—and was a younger son in a large, professorial, Oxford family. He was a small boy when his father died, and he came to idolize his mother to an altogether excessive degree. He was educated at Charterhouse, where he was renowned for doing rather than thinking, and after failing to get into university he made his way into the army. There were no early love affairs; he formed only one intense friendship, with a young officer in the Hussars; and he was married very late in life to a woman half his age. Like many empire builders of his time, he may have been a repressed homosexual. He was certainly a man on the make, eager for action and glory, ambitious for publicity and promotion. So, like the young Winston Churchill, he contrived to find adventure by moving around the empire, from India to Africa and back. He established

The New Republic and the High Frontier



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important social and journalistic contacts. He excelled at the sport of pig-sticking and even wrote a book about it, dedicated to the Duke of Connaught. But there was not, as yet, any sign that he would ever become either a great soldier or a famous man.

Like Churchill again, it was the Boer War that turned him into an instant imperial idol. But, Rosenthal insists, this was very much a fabricated and falsified fame, depending entirely on B-P's own fanciful account of his exploits. It was never really clear why a commander of cavalry, as Baden-Powell then was, had allowed himself to be cornered in such a militarily insignificant town. It was only by changing his accounts of his orders in retrospect that he was able to explain this. Moreover, his conduct of the siege was much less heroic than the popular patriotic picture implied. The Boer forces were by no means overwhelming in numbers. They did little to disturb the defending garrison. Even the mail was allowed in and out. Indeed, the conditions of life inside Mafeking were so comfortable that the inhabitants were envied more than pitied by the relieving British army. Except in the case of the natives: for while the whites feasted off oyster patties and calves' liver, B-P callously condemned the blacks to misery, starvation, and death.

Significantly, men such as Kitchener and Roberts were much less impressed by his performance in South Africa than the great and gullible British public. So it is hardly surprising, perhaps, that B-P soon tired of the army life. In 1908, with his first camps and the publication of *Scouting for Boys*, he sought a new and more assured kind of fame. But here again, the image that B-P assiduously cultivated about the founding of the movement—an image of simplicity, sincerity, and spontaneity—is belied by the evidence. Much of the original Scout teaching was derived from the writings of the American Ernest Thompson Seton, most of it with wholly inadequate acknowledgment. B-P's early claims that the Scout movement was not militaristic and that he did not intend to found an independent organization were merely the disingenuous tactics of a man who did not wish to turn potential early recruits against him. Despite his assertions to the contrary, he planned the launching of the venture with the greatest of care, enlisting the financial and journalistic support of Arthur Pearson, a rather unsavory press mogul.

In short, the foundation of Scouting was as shabby and as suspect as might have been expected from the self-made hero of Mafeking. And the movement itself, as he envisaged it, was equally unsavory. He exhorted Scouts to be kind to animals, yet he himself took evident delight in slaughtering them by the thousands. He claimed that the Scouts were non-political, but this merely concealed an unthinking conservatism and a veneration for the established order, as well as an obsession with discipline, submission, and obedience. B-P's Scout movement was essentially an exercise in social control, individual indoctrination, and national self-protection, which sought to produce physically healthy, morally sound, and politically reliable members of the lower classes who would save the nation from internal decay and external decline. By the interwar years, not surprisingly, Baden-Powell had offended native opinion in India and South Africa, and had become an ardent admirer of the Continental dictators. As had been implicit from the outset, it was but a goose step from the Boy Scouts to the Hitler Youth.

THIS IS, undeniably, a devastating indictment of the life and work of one whom Winston Churchill acclaimed as a "great contemporary." Again, beyond a doubt, the evidence presented here makes it impossible to maintain the earlier uncritical attitudes, either toward B-P as a man or toward the Scouting movement as he initially conceived it. Still, although Rosenthal's study seeks to put Baden-Powell firmly in place and in perspective, it lacks the sense of proportion necessary for the task, with the result that it is sometimes as naive and excessive in its criticisms as others have been ardent and exaggerated in their praise.

For a start, Rosenthal seems unaware that much of what he says has been said before, and better. Students of the Boer War have long known that Mafeking was less important and less glorious than B-P himself later claimed. J. O. Springhall and Allen Warren have fully (and more subtly) explored the militaristic side of Scouting, and its successes and limitations as an agent of social control. And Ronald Hyam has already demonstrated the connection between the Scout movement and the deeper sense of national anxiety and imperial self-doubt that was so widespread in the aftermath of the Boer War.

Moreover, in condemning B-P and his creation so zealously, Rosenthal sometimes seems more preoccupied with demonstrating his own disapproval than with deploying the sympathy and imagination necessary to understand the life and work of any major historical personality. Of course B-P is an easy and obvious target for anyone with the raised consciousness of the 1980s: a reactionary, a nationalist, an imperialist, a militarist, a eugenicist, a racist, an anti-Semite, a male chauvinist, a flirter with fascism, a devotee of blood sports. But it is simply unhistorical and self-indulgent to prosecute, convict, and condemn him by our own standards of civil rights, animal welfare, or women's rights. However offensive we may find his opinions today, it is important to remember that they were widely held throughout the

HERMES RESTORED

(after Praxiteles)

He has draped his cape over a post
and holds a cluster of grapes overhead,
beguiling baby Dionysus,
his grown-up nakedness the pride
of city-states whose temples
preserved a myth: that he
delivered their diapered wine god to nymphs
and paused on his journey,
left arm around the child,
right arm upraised in an arc.

He has cast off his winged sandals.
An invisible triangle connects
his and the baby's faces with the grapes
that curve above his forelocks' curls.

His look of mild amusement untangles
every knot of frustration:
the baby reaches but never beyond
the borders of repose his warder defines
by fixing his eyes on the child
as if to say, "Here is your fate,
Dionysus. The nymphs may anoint you
tomorrow, but here is fruit
that would please our father.
Ah, taste; it is all foretold."

JAMES REISS

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Western world in the decades immediately before (and after) the First World War. To castigate someone so mercilessly and uncomprehendingly for being a creature of his own time is an anachronism of the worst sort.

But in addition, by overstating the case for the prosecution in this way, Rosenthal ignores or misunderstands a considerable amount of contradictory evidence. There was undeniably a gap between the myth and the reality of Mafeking. But Rosenthal neglects to point out that most British generals in the Boer War were at least as inept as Baden-Powell, and he completely fails to appreciate the enormous propagandistic gains that sometimes result from turning a defeat into a victory. (Remember Dunkirk?) In the same way, his determination to show that the Scout movement was a paramilitary organization, intended from the outset to be an autonomous movement, obliges him to discount considerable evidence to the contrary, and to assert and conjecture when he cannot prove. Moreover, he consistently misreads B-P's character, presenting him as calculating and Machiavellian when, as Piers Brendon has more powerfully and perceptively argued, he was essentially a naive, childlike innocent whose ideas were undeniably simple and crude, but rarely if ever sinister or dishonest. It may well be that Rosenthal is too sophisticated to understand just how artless and uncomplicated men of action can sometimes be.

Above all, by concentrating so exclusively on what Baden-Powell thought and intended, this book misses the simple but essential point that once he had founded the Scouts, they consolidated and expanded in ways totally alien to his own original ideas. The Scout movement as it subsequently developed was not so much a bastion of male chauvinism as the progenitor of the Girl Guides, not a white man's monopoly but a multiracial movement, not a paramilitary outfit but a force for peace and goodwill, not an expression of patriotism but of internationalism, not an agent of lower-class regeneration but of middle-class enjoyment, not a means of defending the empire but of outliving it, not so much the forerunner of the Hitler Youth as of the environmentalist lobby. In short, the really important historical question concerning the Scout movement is not why it is that its founder's ideas were commonplace then and are unattractive now; it is, rather, why it was that, in practice, his ideas were progressively modified, often disregarded, and sometimes overturned altogether.

Indeed, as Rosenthal coyly and disarmingly admits, "Scouting must be judged a failure" in that "no recognizable Scout species ever developed," because the character factory that Baden-Powell had originally envisaged never in fact went into production. The "fully-indoctrinated Scout" may have existed in B-P's mind, but he never existed anywhere else. By concentrating so obsessively on Baden-Powell's intentions, and by deliberately ignoring the reality of the Scouting experience, Rosenthal's account misleads and misrepresents. B-P may not have been the paragon of popular legend, but neither was he the ogre depicted here. "Playing the game" is an easily and oft-derided notion, but this would have been a much better book if the author had practiced it rather than pilloried it.

DAVID CANNADINE

David Cannadine is a fellow of Christ's College and a lecturer in history at Cambridge University.

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THE HAWK'S-EYE VIEW

Nuclear Strategy and National Style
by Colin S. Gray

(Hamilton Press, 363 pp., $18.95)

In the environs of Washington, inside and outside the Beltway, there lives a collection of people with no real equivalent elsewhere in the world. It calls itself, for want of a better word, the "strategic community." It consists of hundreds (perhaps thousands) of highly intelligent civilians or ex-military employees who spend their days thinking about how to wage the next war. Inhabiting the "Institute for This" or the "Center for the Study of That," they compete fiercely for research contracts funded by the government or the private sector. They borrow eclectically from the ideas of sociologists (less so since the Vietnam War), systems analysts (ditto), economists (waning fast), historians (rising too fast: Clausewitz is the rage), and others. These aficionados of arms races, counterforce theory, escalation control, weapons procurement, and, last but not least, "strategy" offer their wisdom in the form of published books and articles, commissioned reports, and consultancies.

In Paris and London, where the upper echelons of the civil service rule all things, these people would be totally ignored. In Peking and Moscow, they would probably be clapped into jail for their effrontery. In Washington, however, their views are canvassed by politicians, by industries, by television networks, by the Pentagon. And since there is evidence that certain proposals from the "strategic community" do influence the defense policies of the world's most powerful state, they cannot be dismissed. Some of their ideas, indeed, merit the closest attention.

One of the fastest rising individuals in the "community" during the past decade has been Colin Gray, whose new book (he is a prolific writer) is also his most original to date. In contrast to his fellow enfant terrible, Edward Luttwak, who ranges broadly between "grand strategy" and battlefront tactics, Gray has concentrated much more heavily on nuclear warfare. In recent years he has been denounced by liberal scholars for articles on topics like "Nuclear Strategy: The Case for a Theory of Victory" and "War-Fighting for Deterrence." He is seen, rightly or wrongly, as the epitome of the hawkish, right-of-center intellectual, the kind that is allegedly having an influence upon the defense policy deliberations of the Republican Party, and of the Defense Department itself. It is fair to note, however, that Gray, like other hawkish commentators, is not especially happy with the present state of American defense policy, believing that it is too obsessed with matters of matériel and organization to have time for strategy and history.

In his new book Gray returns to the critical notion of "nuclear-war fighting" in an indirect way—that is, by a bold and intriguing analysis of what he terms comparative "national styles in nuclear strategy." The use of the expression "national style" to describe military events is relatively new, and it is not clear that all those who employ it mean exactly the same thing. It can be used, for example, to refer to the operational or tactical level. Thus, in the Napoleonic wars, the irregular, fast-moving formations of the French army may be seen as the battlefield expression of the enthusiastic *levée en masse*, whereas the more stolid, slower moving squares of Wellington's army reflect the insular traditionalism and stability of Georgian Britain.

The concept of "national style" may also refer to the grand-strategic level, where (it is argued) geography and history have conditioned certain societies to fight in a particular way. The Germans (often facing enemies on two or three fronts, like their later imitators the Israelis) always needed to strike fast, to defeat one foe before turning to meet the next one; the blitzkrieg was more an invention of Frederick the Great than of Hitler's generals Guderian and Manstein. The British, safe in their island kingdom, preferred colonial campaigns, naval blockades, and peripheral raids to full-frontal, continental slogging matches (the "British way in warfare," to borrow Liddell Hart's term). The Americans, usually a long way from the battlefield and equipped with vast material resources, have chosen to build up an enormous physical firepower in order to overwhelm their less well-off opponents without losing too many men themselves.

Whether, given the many forms of warfare that are put into effect on land, at sea, and in the air during the course of any large-scale war, this all amounts to something as definable as "national style" is debatable. But the general idea is not an unreasonable one. And yet it is a quantum leap to move from these known historical examples of war fighting to the concept (as Gray uses it) of a "national style in *nuclear* strategy," in which the American and Russian practices can only be a matter of conjecture. The author of *Nuclear Strategy and National Style* seems quite convinced, however, that there is a substantive difference between the nuclear-war fighting assumptions of the two superpowers. The difference, Gray maintains, has been disregarded by successive generations of American strategic thinkers, who blithely imagined that Moscow would conform to their own elegant concepts of "game-theory," strategic "signaling," escalation control, and the like, all of which completely ignored the politico-historical and military culture of the Soviet-Russian state.

That state, in Gray's view, is essentially imperialist and expansionist—partly because of its ideology of world communism, partly because its collective memory of earlier invasions, wars, and crumbling frontiers has given it a massive insecurity complex. It can never accept, according to Gray, the Western liberal concept that one can have too much in the way of armed forces. Moreover, if the Soviet Union goes to war it will fight swiftly, offensively, and with everything in its possession. And since its own nuclear targeting is controlled by the military (and "artillerymen" at that), it will fight overwhelmingly for battlefield advantage and have no time for curious American theories of "compellence," escalation, and so on.

Russia, in other words, has a "classical military" strategy, in line with its national style of fighting a war in order to achieve outright victory—whatever the intermediate casualties. The United States, by contrast, has merely a political strategy, reflecting its particular Anglo-Saxon political and cultural traditions. It believes that war is awful and if at all possible ought to be avoided, that the armed services should be kept to a decent minimum and should not suffer heavy battlefield losses, that nuclear

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weapons are appalling but keep the peace by "deterring" aggression—from which it follows that each side ought to have an equal capacity to threaten the other.

If deterrence fails, then much of this liberal Anglo-Saxon optimism will be exposed as false. But still it is hoped that using nuclear weapons in "limited" ways (in small batches, selectively targeted) to send "messages" to the other side will be a way to control the damage. This, Gray suspects, is the furthest a democratically elected president is likely to go in the way of preparing realistically for a nuclear conflict. It would not be proper actually to propagate and prepare for victory, especially when that might mean admitting the likelihood of (say) 20 million dead.

Similarly, as Gray repeatedly observes, it would not be politically possible to provide for an effective means of damage limitation at home, through SDI, civil defense, enhanced protection of missile sites and military bases, and elaborate investment in command and control systems for the management of nuclear battles. That might mean that one was seriously planning to fight a war, precisely what (despite all the Reagan administration's rhetoric) the Soviets can hardly credit, given the questionable state of America's present "style" in nuclear strategy.

I HAVE summarized Gray's arguments crudely; they are presented at very considerable length and with sophistication. This is not, it should be said, an easy book to read, and one must proceed slowly through sentences such as this:

> A strategic nuclear posture that is truly innocent on classically defined crisis or arms race instability grounds is likely to be a military posture that is poorly suited to coercive diplomacy (peace-time and crisis-time intimidation and muscular dissuasion for the restoration of deterrence in war itself).

What is rather more appealing is Gray's polite, indeed generous, engagement with some of his critics (perhaps prudently, given the caliber of Michael Howard and Robert Jervis); his willingness to admit that much of what he is arguing is conjecture; and his recognition of other points of view even while disagreeing with them. This comes out especially in his important discussion—almost in the form of a dialogue—of the pros and cons of each of the various nuclear strategies available to the United

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Guest Editor: ROB KLING

Democracy in an Information Society

A Special Issue of the Information Society Journal examines whether and to what extent information technologies can help or undermine democratic processes. Some analysts will argue that microcomputers can provide individuals and small groups with new information processing abilities. But have the use of millions of microcomputers in the United States in the last five years extended democratic arrangements? Others will point to the power of multinational firms of shaping the actions of States and businesses. Still others will argue that managerial hegemony drives organizational action. This special issue examines the relevance of these images for understanding the political dimensions of computerization.

Based on an analysis by Theodor Sterling, Simon Fraser University and critical discussions by a group of scholars: Craig Calhoun, Sociology, North Carolina — Andrew Clement, Computer Science, York University — David Holzman, Sociology, University of California, San Diego — Rob Kling, Computer Science, University of California, Irvine — Kenneth Laudon, School of Business, N.Y.U. — Theodore Lowri and David Lytel, Political Science, Cornell — Felix Montes, Business and Public Administration, Arizona — Herbert Schiller, Communications, University of California, LaJolla — Theodor Sterling, Computer Science, Simon Fraser University — Jon Turner, School of Business, N.Y.U. — Fred Weingarten, Office of Technology Assessment, Washington

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States, in which he makes the argument for the option he prefers.

In a way, it is the sheer flexibility and adroitness of Gray's script that makes it difficult to judge. On the surface, this is an argument from a hawkish, right-wing, war-fighting corner, from someone who feels that the Soviets should have been prevented from moving into central Europe in 1944-45, that they should have been forced to pull out of Hungary in 1956, that they should never have been permitted to catch up strategically with the United States in the 1970s. On the other hand, among all the tough claims, there are other messages. Thus, after discussing the superiority of the Soviet Union's strategic "style," its nuclear strengths, and its inexorable outward drives, Gray observes that "it would be very easy indeed for a Soviet defense planner to design an exceedingly pessimistic briefing on long-term security trends." After discussing the Soviets' serious attitude toward using nuclear weapons offensively, he admits that "it is just possible that the [nuclear winter] comments by Carl Sagan might catch the attention of Soviet leaders," presumably qualifying their enthusiasm for a first strike. Between comments about how the U.S.S.R. would deal with an all-out conflict with the West, he points out that "one cannot know, with absolute certainty, what strategic nuclear posture and doctrine the Soviet Union will choose to endorse for the late 1990s." Finally, amid remarks that intimate that Gray and some of his colleagues have a good idea of how to fight World War III, he confesses that "no one has any hands-on knowledge of bilateral nuclear war—all are rank amateurs; whereas virtually everything that is believed about what has or has not been deterred is based largely on inferential, deductive reasoning."

Quite so. But precisely these caveats make it more difficult to accept the tone of certainty that marks so many of Gray's other contentions. Occasionally one feels that Gray wanted to retreat a little from his earlier position; and such ambiguity leaves one feeling puzzled at how seriously Gray's stark distinction between the two national "styles" should be taken—especially when, from time to time, he candidly admits that the Strategic Air Command's targeting policies probably pay little attention to the proposals of Thomas Schelling, Herman Kahn, and the other theoretical gurus. Rather, they are more likely aimed at doing as much damage to the Soviet military structure as possible in the shortest possible time. (The United States, in other words, may also have a "classical strategy.")

One of Gray's arguments, however, stands out in its logic and its consistency. It is his repeated advocacy of the adoption by the United States of a strategy of "damage limitation" in the event of a nuclear exchange. This has been attacked on many grounds: that it indicates a waning faith in the efficacy of deterrence; that it reveals an inclination to fight a nuclear war; that it would provoke the Soviets (although they themselves clearly indulge in damage limitation); that it would entail a superfluous expense, since a nuclear war will destroy everything. Yet none of these objections is conclusive. A widespread damage-limitation system might well send a signal to Moscow about an American capacity and determination to wage war, and thus enhance deterrence. And if an exchange did occur, it might well halve the number of casualties. (Whatever that means in actual numbers, the principle can hardly be dismissed out of hand.) Of course, nobody can guarantee any of these things, but a damage-limiting strategy, as Gray says, "is a task which is even worth doing badly."

THIS IS A provocative, uneven, always interesting book that addresses critical matters of security and strategy. For those eager to know more about ideas on nuclear-war fighting, it may be, in its way, a classic text. For those more suspicious of the weighty offerings of today's "strategic community," *Nuclear Strategy and National Style* will be seen as a dread example of perverse right-wing strategic thinking. In any event, Gray's work is based upon a wide array of materials, historical as well as contemporary, and it is never crude. Still, there is a final observation that might be made about this genre of hard-nosed, obviously intelligent, right-wing war-fighting literature, an observation that is not made often enough. It has to do not with its view of American strategy, but rather with its view of the Soviet Union.

According to the hawks, the Soviet Union is a country that always knows where it is going, and has a far better strategic grasp, and probably a far better strategic position, than its rival. Gray's comments are very characteristic. Gray does not claim to be an expert on the Soviet Union, but he is obviously willing to borrow the image presented by such like-minded commentators as Richard Pipes and Edward Luttwak. Thus, although he acknowledges possible Russian weaknesses, the overall picture of the Soviet Union is of a purposeful, driven, expanding polity. He emphasizes "the unpromising reality of the Soviet imperium," its thrust to be dominant across Eurasia, the greater assurance and professionalism of its strategic thought, the way in which the "correlation of forces" moves ever further toward a Soviet advantage. It is very much the late-1970s language of the Committee on the Present Danger, worried about American vacillations in the face of brilliant Russian expansionism.

And why not? The Soviet regime is certainly not helpful about assuaging Western worries over its long-term aims. Its "peace-loving" messages to the West German Greens, say, fool nobody. Perhaps one could plausibly adhere, then, to this view of Soviet perfection in pursuit of its aims. But there is also an awful lot of evidence to suggest that, far from being purposeful and confident about the present and future "correlation of forces," the Soviet Union is a deeply anxious state; that at least the more honest and clever of its leaders recognize that it is being technologically eclipsed, week by week, in the current American-Japanese "high-tech" race; that its own economy (now a mere 11 to 12 percent of the world economy), especially its agricultural and heavy-industrial base, is falling more and more behind; that it has recently been overtaken, in terms of total GNP, by the medium-sized island-state of Japan (a staggering admission of economic incompetence); that its weaponry, sold to "surrogates" such as Syria and Libya, is constantly outclassed in combat by American-made systems; that the "Chinese factor" in Asia is growing inexorably, and needs to be headed off by real concessions; that the advent, over the next few years, of Chinese, French, and British long-range ballistic-missile submarine forces that can hit hundreds of Russian targets is going to be a nightmare for Soviet nuclear planners; that Russia sits on top of a vast swath of

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latent discontent throughout Eastern Europe, whose inhabitants would bolt at the first opportunity and no doubt be followed (if they had any chance) by Latvians, Ukrainians, and others; that the ethnic balances within the Soviet Union itself are changing at an alarming rate, to the disadvantage of the Greater Russians; that the same demographic trends are going to make it extraordinarily difficult to find fit and capable Slavic 18-year-olds to satisfy the future needs of defense, agriculture, industry; that the once easily accessible deposits of oil and coal and natural gas are running out fast, and fresh stocks have to be extracted (at great cost) from the permafrost regions; that the Warsaw Pact, and overseas allies such as Cuba and Vietnam, are increasing economic burdens, and probably detract from, rather than add to, real Soviet power.

Some of these claims may be too strong (although a reading of Paul Dibb's new book, *The Soviet Union: The Incomplete Superpower*, hardly suggests that the "correlation of forces" is going in Russia's favor). But the fact remains that for over 400 years the West has tended either to exaggerate or to dismiss Russian power. The 1980s are probably no exception to that pattern. And if some attention is paid to the problems the Soviet Union has to face, particularly in a crisis, it becomes more difficult to assume that its national nuclear-war fighting style will be as exact and as purposeful as Gray and company claim.

The most grievous sin of war fighters anywhere is to presume, before the war breaks out, that they know it all, that they can handle whatever might happen. Such hubris has always been a recipe for disaster. But their second most grievous sin is to believe that the foe is all-knowing and all-competent. Such a belief only paralyzes efforts to discover and exploit the enemy's weaknesses. When strategic experts claim to know that one side or the other has the better system for fighting a war, it is prudent (as George Bernard Shaw would put it) to hold on firmly to your wallet, because you are probably being swindled.

PAUL KENNEDY

Paul Kennedy, Dilworth Professor of History at Yale, is author of the forthcoming *The Dynamics of World Power: Strategy and Economics in the Great-Power System from 1500 to 2000* (Random House).

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The PLO:
Is it a force for peace in the Middle East?

The skilled p.r. apparatus of the PLO has lulled many into the belief that this organization could possibly be a force for peace in the Middle East. Some believe that there is a certain amount of "grandstanding" on the part of the PLO, mostly for internal consumption, but that essentially the PLO is searching for peace and for a "just solution" to the problems of the Middle East. And those people believe that Israel is in error in its unyielding resistance to the PLO.

What are the facts?

- The PLO is a terror organization, created in 1964 by the Arab League—not by the people of Palestine. According to its charter, it has only one aim: the destruction and elimination of the State of Israel through force and violence. Any apparent deviation from this single-minded aim is a temporary tactical maneuver.
- The basic charter of the PLO is the so-called "Palestinian National Covenant." It was adopted in May 1964 and has been reconfirmed ever since. It's main theme is that only the Arabs are entitled to self-government and that the State of Israel has no right whatever to exist. It states clearly that "Palestine . . . is an indivisible part of the Arab homeland," that "Palestine . . . is an indivisible territorial unit," and that "the Arab Palestinian people . . . reject all solutions that are substitutes for the total liberation of Palestine." This is the undeviating line. Those PLO and Arab leaders who have from time to time ventured to propose a less inflexible approach have invariably paid with their lives for such deviation from PLO "orthodoxy".
- The PLO is enormously rich and is almost totally financed by the oil-producing Arab states, especially including the so-called "moderate" ones. Saudi Arabia is the main bankroller.
- The PLO has factions and splinters that operate under several minor warlords. But there is only one central command, only one authority. Nothing happens without its approval. Nobody should be fooled by pleas of innocence on the part of that high command when things go wrong or if world opinion is outraged, as in the Achille Lauro shipjacking, in the hijacking of the AirEgypt plane, which cost 57 lives, or in the coordinated shootouts at the Rome and Vienna airports.
- The PLO is the kingpin of international terror. It maintains a complex network of relations with all the main terror organizations throughout the world. It has written a blood-spattered record of unrelenting terror in Israel and in many other countries. Some of their more "glorious" exploits: The attack on Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics (17 dead); the attack on the Ma'alot School (62 dead, mostly children); the attack on pilgrims and passengers at Ben-Gurion International Airport (76 dead); the hijacking of a passenger bus on the Haifa-Tel Aviv Highway (82 dead). This is only a small sample. There have been many bombings, hijackings, and terrorist attacks in virtually every European country (except the Soviet Union and its satellites), leaving uncounted dead and wounded.

The PLO cannot be a force for peace in the Middle East, because it is totally committed to the destruction of Israel, because it engages in unremitting terror, and because it is not representative of the Palestinian Arab people. Though others are occasionally duped, Israel has always understood that. Israel knows that the fight against PLO terror is the fight for peace. Those that support the PLO are the greatest obstacle to peace in the Middle East, because knowingly or unknowingly they support terror. There will be no peace in the Middle East until all nations join Israel in fighting PLO terrorism. Terror and peace cannot exist together. To invite the PLO to the peace table would be a travesty.

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Confessions Of A Country Girl

Kate Vaiden
by Reynolds Price

(Atheneum, 306 pp., $16.95)

In his first novel, *A Long and Happy Life*, which appeared in 1962, Reynolds Price presented a plucky country girl from North Carolina named Rosacoke Mustian. Her kindness, her innocence, her humor, and, yes, her pluck were noted and even celebrated, and she took her place among those other colorful, naive characters from farther south already familiar in the stories of Faulkner, Eudora Welty, and Flannery O'Connor. Like those masters, Price had chosen a narrow rural setting in which to work out his broad themes, and he had endowed his semiliterate characters with wonderful verbal wit and energy, making them both lovable and faintly ludicrous.

His reputation since his first book has followed that of Southern writing in general, which fell out of fashion in the '70s, sometime after Welty's *Losing Battles* (1970), and began to be fashionable again at about the time of John Kennedy Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces* (1980). Price's novels *A Generous Man* (1966) (in which a younger Rosacoke figures) and *Love and Work* (1968) were well received, but *The Surface of Earth* (1975) and *The Source of Light* (1981) were not. His new novel, *Kate Vaiden*, appears at a time when almost everything Southern, from the sublime Peter Taylor to the ridiculous T. R. Pearson, finds an audience, and Price has been widely, and justly, praised.

In *Kate Vaiden*, Price has invented another extraordinary female character from North Carolina, a country woman who tells the unhappy story of her youth in a voice that is distinct and mesmeric. Kate's speech, which is almost exhaustingly rich in perfect homely metaphors, is both a tour de force and the high point in Price's evolving literary style. At its low point—in *The Surface of Earth*—his writing could be ponderously individual, tending at times toward the mannerism and tortured syntax of bad verse. In this book, Kate's cool self-knowledge and gentle self-deprecation have disarmed Price of his worst rhetorical flourishes, and his prose is both rich and precise.

The narrative concentrates on Kate's first 18 years, recounted at age 57. The gap of nearly four decades between the time her story ends and the time she tells it allows her to remember the painful events of her youth with equanimity and even with humor. It saves the book from melodrama, although the plot is swollen with illness and illicit love, unwanted pregnancy and unexpected death. Her father orphans Kate at 11, when out of jealousy he shoots her mother and himself. This bewildering act is not the last, and not even the worst, tragedy of Kate's life; but it is her strength, implanting at the age of twelve and a half "the idea that's been my main lifeboat through frequent high seas—*You have already lasted, with all your teeth, through something far worse than most people get. You can last through the rest.*"

After all these years, though, the troubles of her youth do not sadden her as much as the tendency she recognizes in her youthful self to abandon the people she loves. The worst instance of this turns out to be the reason why the story must be told: when she is 17 she has an illegitimate child, whom she leaves with the elderly relations who raised her after the deaths of her parents. She has never gone back for him. Now, in late middle-age, and recently diagnosed as having cervical cancer, she wants to know her son, who is a grown man. Her story will be her introduction to him. Perhaps by telling him the worst about herself she will earn his absolution.

This most difficult question in Kate's confession—why she abandoned her child—also presents the greatest difficulty for the novelist, who must make understandable behavior the world considers abnormal. As Kate puts it, "I'd shown most other human instincts till then. Why did mothering fail me?" The novel is structured to solve that problem of her personality, describing all the other attachments and detachments of her youth. Here Kate summarizes her defense:

> Maybe it was lonesomeness, the reason I failed. I didn't have anybody my age near me. . . . Most of all though—and worst of all—I'd started to worry that no man would

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want me, no decent man with a regular job. A teenaged mother with a needy bastard-baby and no big skills, no big nest egg or moviestar looks. From my room in Macon, it looked like a long one-lane road ahead with a boy to raise, like a cast-iron sidecar *hitched to my bike. . . . Also I was hungry,* not for food or love.

There's no true way for me to say it—what I felt as that hard winter came down. With Gaston and Douglas I'd used my body more ways than any white girl my age I'd read about or known. And for all the harm I'd caused the world, nothing convinced me my body was wrong and ought to be curbed. It was all I absolutely knew I had; everything else in sight could vanish—parents, kin, love—and in my case already had, more than once. My own strong head and limbs had lasted and kept me happy maybe half the time (a more-than-fair average). I couldn't just maim that much of myself by bolting doors on the wide green world and camping-down forever in a house with no man near me under sixty years old.

Gaston is the first person whom she allows herself to love after the death of her parents, and he dies in boot camp at Parris Island toward the end of World War II. ("Don't let any human being ever tell you that a female child, just turned sixteen, can't hurt as hard and deep at a crossroads in eastern Carolina as a one-eyed leper in the dust of Judah. She can; I did.") She never loves Douglas, but he is the father of her child, and his end is even grimmer than Gaston's. As she suggests, she has been abandoned as often as she has done the abandoning. That's one part of her puzzle. Another is her frank pleasure in her sexuality, which would be enviable in either sex even in these enlightened times; imagine it in a country girl coming of age during World War II. It is plausible here, with the help of Price's discreet and tender renderings of her sexual adventures.

Price's writing has always demonstrated a respect for the strength and mystery of women, and a profound interest in their cares. Both Rosacoke and Kate get pregnant as girls, putting themselves at the mercy of the boys who can make them respectable by marrying them. Rosacoke is the more innocent of the two, and her story ends happily. Kate's problems are much more her own doing, yet it is true for her, too, that her sex, as well as her sexuality, has helped to create her fate. Musing on why she never married in the years after she left her son, Kate thinks, "Fathers can walk out on whole nests of children every day of the year and never return, never send back a dime—that's considered sad but natural. But an outlaw mother is the black last nightmare any man can face."

Price evokes the same deep sympathy for both of his young women. But Kate has suffered and overcome more, in the world and in herself, and has had half a lifetime to ponder its meaning. She knows herself as few people do, and that self-knowledge distinguishes her from Rosacoke and the whole clan of inspired Southern primitives. The novel does not record the reaction of Kate's son to her story, but she has achieved something better than the approval of her child, or of anyone else.

ROBERT WILSON

Robert Wilson is the books editor at *USA Today*.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

spread of the disease. But an orgy of self-flagellation remains unwarranted. Thus I cannot express sufficient disapproval for Mr. Kleinberg's moralism, directed toward the promiscuity of homosexual men before the AIDS crisis. Certainly, that promiscuity manifested a search for community by a group of people for whom society had, and still has, nothing but the deepest contempt. Those of us who found in the bars and baths friendship, pleasure, and an escape from alienation can only rejoice in the good years we had and regret their passing. During those years we did nothing wrong and did nothing that, but for the exigencies of the AIDS crisis, we should not continue to do and to do with pride. However well-intentioned, self-oppressive moralists like Mr. Kleinberg help our enemies in their attempts not only to oppress us but to make us oppress ourselves.

For most gay men and women, the gay movement has never concerned sex anyway, it has concerned love and dignity. Our love has no honor in the eyes of the community; rather the community despises us for this love and seeks to make it a source of shame.

I find it peculiar that Mr. Kleinberg disapproves of the righteous indignation gay people feel toward American society. Reagan, with the able assistance of Ed Meese and of five "Justices" of the Supreme Court, seeks to exploit the AIDS crisis to increase our fear and so our shame. What would Mr. Kleinberg suggest we feel toward those who despise and persecute us?

BRUCE PHILIP COOPER
New York, New York

MUSIC, MYTH, AND WONDER

To the editors:

Edward Rothstein is looking for something, but not in the right places ("Making-Believe Crazy," August 25). I suggest that he attend a Stevie Wonder concert, which I was fortunate enough to do the other night (thanks to my daughter). Stevie Wonder did not reinforce aristocratic values, but somehow managed to transform the audience into a community that cut across class, age, sexual, and racial lines, and to give to that community a life and a beat. The music that we heard was available on tape, but the performance was not. We were reminded of the fact that Stevie Wonder is blind and black, and one of the musical geniuses of our age; he is male, but wore his hair and clothing in a way that universalized his appearance; he was encased in electronic gadgetry, but spoke only of love; and he used his hold over the audience to address the highest issues of state and to denounce apartheid. Stevie Wonder is the "communal myth" that Rothstein seeks, but it is the myth of a democracy.

OWEN M. FISS
Bickel Professor of Public Law
Yale Law School
New Haven, Connecticut

Edward Rothstein replies:

The 19th-century concert and its music, far from reinforcing "aristocratic values," were extraordinarily profound creations of the middle class. And contemporary pop music is not simply an heir to this tradition, democratizing its elitist values. That is a new myth with its own "life and beat": the myth that whatever creates a community creates a society.

OLD FRIENDS

To the editors:

In reference to your remark about Britain being "our oldest ally" ("Notebook," August 4), please recall your history; at the founding of this country we were at *war* with Britain and *France* was our ally.

DAVID LAMPE
West Lafayette, Indiana

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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Festival Rites

HARVARD WAS NOT my college, though it is where I went to graduate school and where I have taught for a quarter century, a rite of passage marked last spring by my receipt of an ebony and walnut chair inscribed with the Harvard "Veritas" seal. And even though I self-consciously chose the captain's chair over the rocking chair, 25 years is long enough to evoke a certain sentimentality, if not exactly nostalgia. Still, those of us who have been around the place steadily for more than a short period cannot even try to experience here in Cambridge the search for lost youth, which is what I sensed was happening among the thousands of Harvard alumni and alumnae who returned for the 350th anniversary festival rites. But if their nostalgia distorts a bit, it does not really blind. Nothing could blind to the fact of enormous changes, and one decisive change is the democratic and demographic revolution that has transformed the university. Since Harvard indulges itself in these celebrations only every 50 years, it's convenient to make the five-decades comparison. Can you imagine the previous fest in 1936 being opened, as this one was, with a blessing in Hebrew by the Hillel rabbi, being concluded with a benediction by a woman minister, and including inter alia a learned reflection on Harvard's Puritan inheritance from the Preacher to the University, who is a black man? In fact, all this would have been inconceivable when I arrived as a graduate student in 1959. These may be symbols, but they reflect the local reality. And with this reality, Harvard has followed the country.

AT THE TERCENTENARY, Franklin Roosevelt was booed by the undergraduates. He remarked then that at the bicentenary celebration, "Many of the alumni of Harvard were sorely troubled by the state of the Nation. Andrew Jackson was President. On the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, alumni were again sorely troubled. Grover Cleveland was President. Now, on the 300th anniversary, I am President." He did not need to remind his listeners that they were very troubled indeed. In 1986 Ronald Reagan is president, and certainly most of the faculty and students, and doubtless many of the alumni, are, like their predecessors, very troubled. The press has botched the story about why Reagan didn't accept the invitation to come to Cambridge last week, wrongly suggesting that Harvard had somehow officially insulted the president. Still, and despite some churlish comment about the appearance of the Prince of Wales, it cannot be denied that the presence here of the heir apparent to the throne once held by George III sat better with much of the resident Harvard community than the attendance of the twice-democratically elected successor of George Washington would have. I don't understand the olympian disdain of many liberals for Reagan that leads them to prefer a hereditary prince to the president any more than I do their inability to distinguish between the man and the office, even on ceremonial occasions. In the event, Prince Charles was resplendent in an academic gown someone knowingly (but, I suspect, unreliably) identified as being from the University of Wales. This garment upstaged every other piece of garb in the splendid procession. The prince delivered remarks that were, if not elegant, adequate, and enhanced by the unexpected charm of royal self-deprecation (which one faculty Anglophobe said was altogether merited). Toward the end he rambled on about something hinting at an especially goofy version of spiritualism. Even princes of the blood are not immune to the zeitgeist.

HARVARD HISTORY IS A continuing dialectic between orthodoxy and heresy. Maybe you've heard the old saw about the secretary to A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard from 1909 to 1933, who allegedly told a visitor, "President Lowell has gone to Washington to see Mr. Roosevelt." Lowell himself once said, "There is a Harvard man on the wrong side of every issue." And, given Lowell's views, thank God for that. Lowell barred blacks from the dormitories. He was also a certifiable anti-Semite. This was not an abstract prejudice. He systematically cut the proportion of Jewish students at Harvard from 22 percent to about ten percent. And he welcomed Jewish professors even less than Jewish students. Lowell's predecessor, Charles W. Eliot, had set the university on a meritocratic course. Not until chemist James Bryant Conant became president in 1933 did Harvard begin to revert to that course. In the ensuing decades, the competition among our universities—which is what guarantees their seriousness, and also the distinctive strength of the whole American enterprise in higher education—forced them all to follow. The breaking down of barriers to entrance and mobility was not, then, always voluntary. It was also obligatory and indispensable.

A RECENT HARVARD GRADUATE (and *Crimson* editor and TNR intern) grouched recently in the *Wall Street Journal*, as did others elsewhere, about the glitziness of the impending celebration. The truth is that, with tens of thousands attending, it was a remarkably dignified happening, intellectually weighty and morally serious, with few concessions to the middlebrow sensibility. The one episode that marred the festivities was the big alumni-faculty dinner that was never served. Pro-divestment activists barred the doors to Memorial Hall, where the dinner was to have taken place. Once again we encounter the fascist persuasion in radical politics, which encourages people with fervent views to feel that they can coerce other people with different views and to coerce without bearing any onus of having abused the liberties of civil society. President Derek Bok worried in his closing address about the ever greater intrusion of political agendas on the life of universities, and he is right to worry. The unavoidable paradox is that universities have increasingly embraced the wider world, even as they fear being embraced back. An institution like Harvard's Kennedy School of Government is as far from an ivory tower operationally as it is architecturally. The return of scholarship to the old-fashioned ivory tower would be bad for universities and bad for society. And in any event, it's too late. Still, what Paul Valéry called the vocation of *l'esprit*, needs protection, and a strong institution like Harvard can provide it more than most. But an institution that seeks and gets the kind of public attention Harvard has gotten this month will have a harder time getting privacy on the occasions when it wants that, too.

M. P.

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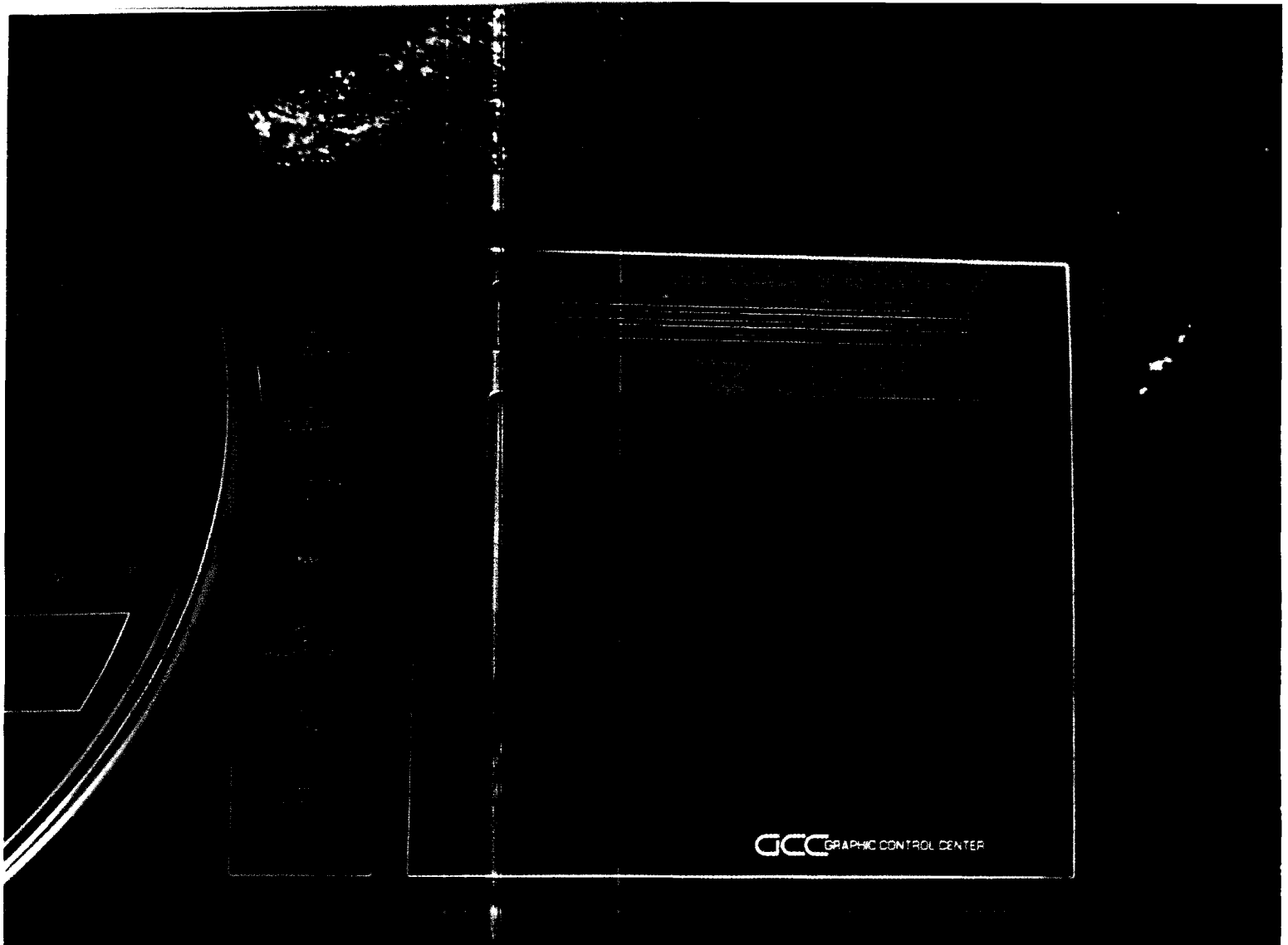

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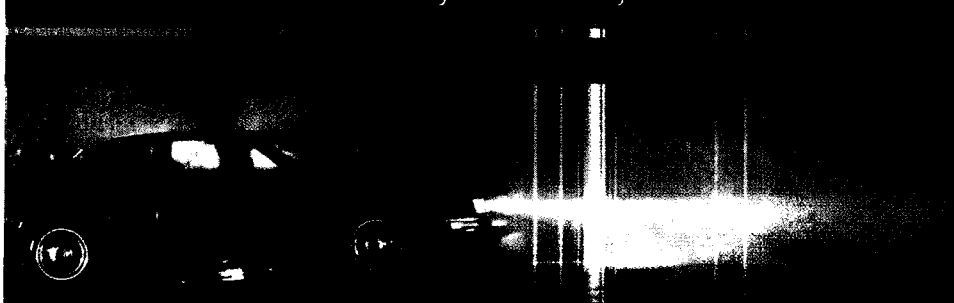

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